

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Moslem.

A "CONGRESS" in Paris has probably averted a collision on the shores of the Euxine between the Greeks and the Turks—averted it for the moment, postponed it for a few months, a year or two at furthest. It will come, sooner or later, and it will not, as some imagine, inaugurate a European war. The truth is, there are no parties really interested in the affair except the Greeks, the Turks, the Russians, and the Christians, so-called, in Turkey or its dependencies. And unless nations are really interested, they do not, now-a-days, go to war. Constantinople is no longer the gateway to India, as England once supposed, for Russia has a shorter road thither whenever she wants to use it. Nor has the French Emperor any reason now to vindicate that, although

parvenu, he is powerful. That the Greeks are poor devils enough, any one who has seen them well knows; but the Moslem in Europe is a nuisance and obstruction—"played out" in short, and the sooner he is dead and pennies put on his eyes, the better. It is not that we love the Greeks more, but because we have reason to despise them less.

Hear what our friend Bholanath Chunder, a pure Hindoo, and an enlightened traveler, has to say of the Sons of the Faithful:

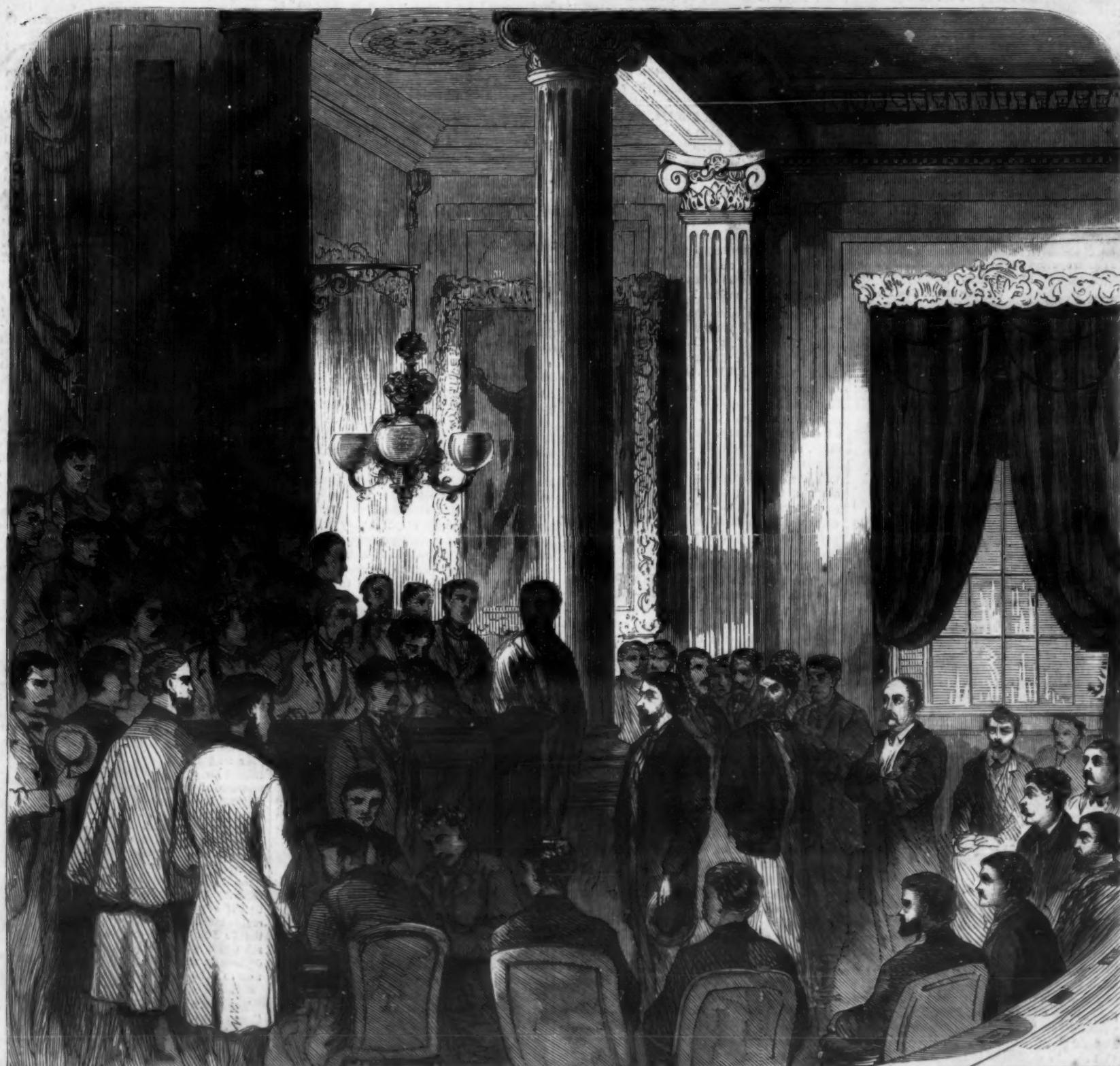
"It is well that the Great Mogul is extinct—and it would be well for mankind if the Grand Turk also were no more. No curse that has afflicted the human race has ever been so baneful as that which Mohammedan rule has proved itself to mankind. The Moslem rose as a storm-wave to entomb all the great works of ancient power and wisdom beneath its deluge, and to plunge the world into a state of barbarism that has perpetuated despotism, ignorance, and anarchy for many a long century. He has never been better than

a gloomy enthusiast, hating, spurning, and slaying all who did not call upon and believe in the Prophet—

One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies the directest path to heaven.

His history is made up only of burnings, massacres, and pillages—it is one long uniform tale of cruelty without remorse, and of offense without prayer or penance. His government has been that under which life hung by a thread, and female honor was exposed to the risks of violence. What has been his conduct toward heirs and competitors for the throne, but a quiet disposal of them by the bowstring, dagger, or poison? How did he treat his wives and mistresses for their slips, but with the sack, halter, or living burial? What other has been the principle of his government than physical force, and plunder and extortion? In what opinion did he hold his subjects, but as beasts of burden and beasts of prey? In what light did he view woman but as a pretty toy, soulless as much as his turban, his pipe, and his amber mouth-piece? The Moslem has left indelible traces of his presence everywhere in the ruin of countries, and in the slavery of nations. His great object was to slaughter and destroy, and to make a glory of his de-

struction. He was born not for the progress, but the retrogression of mankind—not for amelioration, but for the perpetuation of evil. He never sought to dispel ignorance, and sowed no seeds of improvement to elevate the condition of mankind. But for the accident which gave Charles Martel the victory over the Saracens at Tours, Arabic and Persian had been the classical languages, and Islamism the religion of Europe; and where we have churches and colleges we might have had mosques and mausoleums, and America and the Cape, the compass and the press, the steam-engine, the telescope, and the Copernican system, might have remained undiscovered to the present day. Under the progress which the world has made now, the Mohammedan has become an obsolescence—and to tolerate his existence is to tolerate an anomaly—diseased limb endangering the soundness of the whole system. If it were possible to destroy all Mohammedan institutions, and to eradicate all Mohammedan traditions, by one vigorous and simultaneous effort, and if all that is Mohammedan in name or spirit were to become extinct by a combination of circumstances, it would be well for mankind, and rid the world of its greatest enemy. The Mohammedan sits as an oppressive incubus upon society, hindering the onward progress of more than 300,000,000 of men, and to ignore the evil of his existence is the highest treason to the cause of humanity."



THE BOGERS MURDER—THE INVESTIGATION BEFORE CORONER FLYNN, IN THE CHAMBER OF THE BOARD OF COUNCILMEN, CITY HALL, NEW YORK, JAN. 27TH.—SEE PAGE 343.

**Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for
1869.**

This Journal, now in the fourteenth year of its existence, has achieved a popularity based wholly upon its merits, and stands to-day at the head of its class of journalism in this country.

We have determined for the future to assume for the Newspaper the highest tone, and to avoid catering for those who value a picture simply in view of its sensational effects. Nothing that can offend good taste or that appeals to a morbid appetite for pictured horrors will be found in its columns, and it can take its place upon the drawing-room table without fear of disturbing the purest moral atmosphere, or the most refined sentiments.

The resources of the establishment, gathered from every available quarter, and strengthened by a long experience of the wants of the public, enable us to promise, for the current year, such improvement in all the departments of the paper as will put the seal upon the bond of good feeling between the people and this their favorite journal.

We particularly call attention to the fact that we have, with extraordinary pains, secured the services of several distinguished and world-known scientific writers, who will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a series of instructive articles, elaborately illustrated. Still, while exploring more fully than heretofore the field of science and art we shall not depart from the original intention of this journal—to illustrate the news of the day.

Whatever may occur in any part of the country, let us say in any quarter of the globe, of general interest to our country-people, that event, and the scenes and personages identified with it, will be found pictured in our columns.

To accomplish this, we spare no pains or expense, and we have at our command, in men and machinery, and in watchfulness, energy, and enterprise, all that is requisite to be the first in the field, and to fulfil our mission faithfully and well.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is, therefore, a pictorial record of men, manners, and events; of history, political, social, and industrial; of all that transpires worthy a place in the thoughts of the American people.

Partisanship it will seek rather to avoid than to entertain, but will also take an impartial view of political situations, frankly, independently, and with the intention to be just and true to its convictions.

In its sphere, it will be acknowledged, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has done good service in the cause of reform. American households will not forget that it exposed and gave the deathblow to the *Swill Milk* outrage, and many have been the errors and abuses that it has corrected.

In that respect, the value of a fearless and faithful Illustrated Newspaper cannot be over-estimated. Its pictures appeal immediately and forcibly to the masses, and carry the point with popular sentiment where written statements, theories and arguments would fail.

As companions at the winter fireside, Frank Leslie's Publications have not their peers. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, apart from its attractive engravings, in every number has wealth of literary matter—original and selected—poetry, romance, and all that the press affords for the entertainment and instruction of young and old.

So, at the threshold of the New Year, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, with greeting to the kind public with which its relations have ever been so pleasant, renews its assurances of earnest and indefatigable endeavor to deserve, in the future as it has in the past, the golden opinions it has won from all sorts of people

FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl street, New York.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Riparian Rights of the States.

The legal right of the State of New York to grant a charter to a company to land foreign telegraphic wires on its shores has lately been discussed in a manner as unexpected as it is novel. On the first blush it would seem as if such right was self-evident, like the personal and proprietary rights secured under the Constitution. Even if a little reflection should show that there might be room for some doubts on the matter, it must immediately strike any one that the impropriety of denying such rights could only be likened to an impropriety which should exclude us from the rest of the world, and from the benefits of modern civilization. The case is but little changed when it is contended that such rights belong to the Federal Government, and not to any of the individual States. For, if, in virtue of its jurisdiction over three marine leagues of the waters on the seaboard of the United States, the Federal Government may grant a right to lay telegraphic cables through or under these waters, it is evident that its control stops at the point where the sea touches the shores of the States, and a charter from the State is necessary to carry such cable over.

"The short, smooth streak of yellow sand" that lies between the ocean and the cultivated land. Further, should the State refuse such charter, the permission of the Federal Government to use the waters it controls, would be of little service.

The public has been promised an exalted legal opinion on the points of law involved in the presumed conflicting claims of the State and the Federal Government. Most persons are aware that certain members of Congress have raised this question in connection with the proposed laying of a new Atlantic cable, from

France direct to the United States, and have pretended to have doubts whether this State could legally grant permission to any company to lay cables through or under waters within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government. We shall presently advert to the probable cause of this new-fledged zeal for the honor of the United States, and, pending the promised legal opinion, which will probably be worth just as much as purchased legal opinions generally are, and no more, we may be allowed to present certain views on this subject which are obvious to minds not tied down to precedent or legal subtleties, or whose judgment is not warped by pecuniary considerations.

What is the meaning of the jurisdiction of the United States over three marine leagues from shore? The State of New York, and other States also, have repeatedly granted charters to steamboat companies navigating the Atlantic. Is it now to be insisted that such charters are void because no permission has also been ceded by the Federal power to cross the marine boundary over which it holds special control? Or, if a charter may be granted to a company, which, by its terms, involves the navigation over these waters, may not a charter be likewise granted to a company to lay a cable beneath them? Suppose we push such an argument a little further, and see where it will lead us. The jurisdiction of the Federal Government extends to all the tide-water navigation of the United States, and is as absolute over our Bay, and the Hudson river between this city and Jersey, as it is over three leagues outside Sandy Hook. Did any telegraph company ever ask permission from Washington to carry their wires under the Hudson, or ever suppose that Congress could grant or prohibit the laying of such wires? Yet, if, by reason of its supreme jurisdiction over certain waters, Congress must be asked leave to lay telegraph cables beneath them, surely such permission is as essential to one part of such waters as to another, to the shore within, as to that outside Sandy Hook.

If this novel extension of the powers of Congress should be maintained, how will it affect the cables already laid? Cuba has laid a cable to the coast of Florida. The extension of the Atlantic Cable enters our Northern frontier underneath navigable waters. Telegraph wires unite us with Canada at several points. Are the State charters under which these lines are worked to be revoked, and to be replaced by others to be granted by Congress? If not, with what face shall we say to the French nation that the privileges granted to the English and Spaniards shall be denied to them, and can we suppose that France will quietly submit to be excluded from the favors granted to other nations?

Suppose the chalice we prepare for the lips of others should presently be returned to our own. We are talking glibly enough of laying down a telegraph wire to China. Very possibly the English will have telegraphic communication with Hong Kong, and thence with the Flower Land itself, before our wire starts from San Francisco. Nevertheless, we make all our preparations, buy or manufacture our cable, and charter vessels for laying it. The Mandarins of Shanghai are preparing a warm welcome, and the peacock feather of the governor of the province is agitated with delight at our coming. At this juncture, word reaches us from Pekin that no province can grant permission to land a "foreign devil" cable on the shores of the Celestial Empire, and the consent of the son of the Sun and Moon himself must first be obtained. How should we like such treatment? And the parallel would be complete if it were added that such consent had its price, and if we could come down handsomely with the dollars to various creatures of the Court of Pekin, all objections would be withdrawn.

The fact is, that, with regard to the French cable, we are behaving very shabbily, and are allowing the intrigues of a few rascally speculators to draw us into a position where we shall be the scorn and derision of all honest men. The appeals to the intervention of Congress, and questions as to the constitutionality of State acts, and the parade of legal opinions, have all the taint of jobbery of the worst kind. The newest phase of the tricks of the "telegraph ring," as exposed by a contemporary, ought to arouse general indignation, and cause an irresistible pressure of public opinion to be brought to bear on Congress. It is asserted that a company obtained by a charter from this State the exclusive right to land foreign telegraphic cables to the shore of this State, and after selling their charter to the French Transatlantic Cable Company for fourteen thousand dollars, the incorporators, one of whom was at the head of a telegraph company whose interests were seriously affected by the French cable, "proceeded to Washington to oppose the laying of the victimized Frenchman's cable, and to prevail upon Congress to declare the grant of the State of New York null and void. We leave it to our readers to determine whether in their experience they

ever met with a meaner piece of commercial smartness in all Yankeeedom."

We know of but one nation in the world that would thus thrust aside the incalculable advantages which increased telegraphic facilities offer to its citizens, and that is, the Japanese. But they were, a few years ago at least, honest in their rejection of foreign intercourse, for they excluded all, of every kind and degree. It is reserved for us to add robbery to selfishness, and to show the world how easy it is to boast of advanced civilization, while we practice tricks of which semi-barbarous nations would be ashamed.

and that has failed them. The country takes a long breath of relief! Do our readers know what sums were sought to be taken out of the pockets of the people in the way of railway subsidies? Mr. Washburne has furnished the following figures to our hand, only his list is not complete:

Union Pacific.....	\$20,238,000
Central Pacific of California.....	14,764,000
Union Pacific, Eastern Division.....	6,303,000
Sioux City and Pacific.....	11,112,000
Western Pacific.....	32,000
Atchison and Pike's Peak.....	640,000
Central Branch, Union Pacific.....	900,000

Total..... \$53,969,000

Let us pay up some of our debts before contracting more.

General Grant's Opinions.

The anxiety to know what are General Grant's opinions will probably be satisfied, on one point, at least, by the reply lately given by him to a committee of the Colored Men's Convention, in Washington:

"I thank the convention, of which you are the representatives, for the confidence they have expressed, and I hope sincerely that the colored people of the nation may receive every protection that the laws give them, and they shall have my efforts to secure such protection. They should prove by their acts advancement, prosperity and obedience to the laws, as being worthy all the privileges the Government has bestowed upon them, and by their future conduct prove themselves deserving of all they now claim."

Newspapers and Novels.

This novel, as it originally presented itself in three or any other number of volumes, has disappeared. It is now only a reprint from the newspaper. And even in the newspaper it is fast giving way to the record of actual, and quite as sensational pictures and records of real life and events. This tendency is marked here; and even in England, where people adhere longer to habits, the journal, and especially the journal of news, threatens to supersede the novel. People are, on the whole, more amused by seeing "what is going on" than by reading what imaginary people suffer, and that taste once acquired, lasts for life. It is as strong as a thirst for drink, and as a great many people think, is very little less deleterious to the mental palate. The empire of the novel is already disputed, and but for the lingering distaste of women for newspapers, a distaste rapidly passing away, it would be seriously menaced. The reader in fact obtains, say in a morning paper, all that he obtains in an ordinary novel—distraction, and something else besides—a distraction which is not based on a fiction. He finds as many stories, tragic or comic, as many characters, as many social sketches; and they are all real, all more or less true, and all described in the style which, be it bad or good from an artistic point of view, is the easiest and pleasantest to him to read. Knowledge of a kind is widening, and as knowledge widens, so does the interest felt by ordinary mankind in the daily life of the world. A man must have some trace of education to watch with interest telegrams from three continents, but the capacity of interest once acquired, the habit is never lost. Novels did not sell here while the army was marching on Richmond, or in India during the mutiny, and to the educated there is always some event occurring somewhere which interests man nearly as much as a war or revolution. It is because French papers do not feel this interest in history, confining themselves as they do to political oratory and epigrams, that they find readers for the feuilleton, for the novel, which, however bright it may be, would inevitably kill an American newspaper, however dull it might be. It is not, perhaps, a very enticing prospect to forecast that the novel will ultimately give place to the news journal, a farrago of rubbishy sentiment to a collection of snippety facts, but that seems to us the tendency of the time.

Consolation for the Million.

By the Constitution of the United States it is provided that the President must be a native-born American citizen. George Francis Train aspires to be President in 1872; in fact, asserts positively that he will be. But in a recent speech he has declared that he is not an American, but a citizen of the Irish Republic—whatever that may be. Ergo: George Francis Train never can be President of the United States, which, of course, will sound the death-knell of our great Republic.

Subsidies.

The House of Representatives, in a very emphatic manner, has declared against any further extension of the National credit to speculative railway companies. Washington was besieged by schemers, anxious to get the Government to do what private enterprise ought to accomplish, if worth accomplishing; but the action of the House has had the good effect of dispersing them. General Grant's views on this wild trifling with our credit are well-known, for on this he has spoken with dignified emphasis. The leeches, therefore, had no hope outside the present Congress,

Matters and Things.

EVERYBODY has read of the great salt mines of Cracow in Austrian-Poland. Great consternation has lately been caused there by the sudden eruption of a vast body of water which threatens to entirely destroy the mines. The water began to come in on the 19th of November, and, according to the latest accounts, the inflow was at the rate of 120 cubic feet a minute. These celebrated salt mines, which have been for many years yielding an annual profit to the Austrian Government of about three million dollars, employ 2,000 hands. The workings commence about 200 feet from the surface of the ground. The thickness of the salt is estimated at 700 feet, and the total length of the excavated passages in the mines exceeds 400 miles. The mines, which are the most productive of their kind in the world, were discovered in 1250, since which period they have been constantly worked.—The French Government schooner Levrette has recently passed throughout the entire length of the Suez Canal, and M. de Lesseps states that, in six months from this date, ships of as much as 3,000 tons burden will be able to traverse the Isthmus, either sailing or by steam.—We learn by advices from Berlin that the Prussians have decided on the adoption of prismatic gunpowder for cannon, of a specific gravity of about 1.66.—The movement for the higher education of women is active in Scotland. Last winter Professor Masson delivered a course of lectures in Edinburgh, on English Literature, to ladies, whose ages ranged from about twenty-two to thirty-five. Out of a class of two hundred and sixty-five, there were ninety-four who obtained certificates for written essays and answers at an examination. A similar course was delivered at Glasgow; and this year three courses, of forty lectures each, are going on in Edinburgh: one by Professor Masson, on English Literature; another by Professor Fraser, on Logic and Mental Philosophy; and the third on Experimental Physics, by Professor Tait. From such cultivation, what a harvest of happy results may be reasonably anticipated!—A second suspension bridge over the river Niagara will shortly be open to the public. It spans the river just below the American Fall and Clifton House, the distance being 1,204 feet 4 inches. The two cables, each consisting of seven wire-ropes, are 1,900 feet in length, and 2 1/2 inches in diameter. This new bridge exceeds in length that three miles below the Falls by 464 feet.—The greatest range in artillery firing in England, is just announced as having been obtained by Whitworth's nine-inch muzzle-loader gun of 14 tons, firing a shot of 250 lbs. with a charge of 50 lbs. The range was 10,300 yards.—A French District-Attorney, who conducted one of the recent Press prosecutions in France, exhibited a knowledge of American ways, for which he deserves to be complimented. After having descended at length upon the calmness and gravity which should be brought to political discussion and the conduct of political affairs, he remarked that the French people, in these things, ought to imitate the example of the Americans, who "prepared themselves for their elections by three days of fasting!" The attorney probably once lived in Mackersville or the Five Points.—The *Naples and Florence Observer* states that, "Mr. Hirsim Powers, the American sculptor in Florence, has a delinquent's shelf in his studio, on which three busts, bearing the names of Mr. J. F. Penniman, Mrs. J. F. Penniman, and Mrs. Mary Wells, are marked unpaid."—Japanese "Tommy," who attracted so much attention in this country, has been killed. He was shot through the breast and leg, but died fighting for his chief, true to the Tokugawa clan. "Tommy" was a brave little fellow, and won several promotions, some from his own merit, and some through the influence of the American Minister, for whom, at one time, he was interpreter.

GENERAL KILPATRICK, last fall, undertook to fight General Butler in his own district, but with poor success. General Butler returned a large Roland for a small Oliver, by causing the suppression of the mission to Chile, where General Kilpatrick is supposed to be, exercising high diplomatic functions. This has brought out a very querulous letter from the latter, in which he perceptibly winces, and in which he makes some wonderful blunders, even for a "raider." He says that on receiving the news of Lincoln's assassination, "the Te Deum was sung in all the cathedrals of Chile!" A correspondent of a daily paper says that if any such thing was done, "it was in execrable taste." We should say so, particularly as the *Te Deum* is a song of joy and praise! General Grant will probably keep "raiders" out of diplomacy, unless they get reasonably educated men to write their letters.

There are few things more amusing or pathetic than some of the advertisements that appear in English "Family Papers," under the head of "Exchanges." For instance:

"I have a double-barreled gun, silver-mounted, and in excellent order. I want in exchange a double perambulator."

Could the sportsman sacrifice himself and his bachelor pleasures with more pathetic and complete self-renunciation to the proud father of a dual offspring? And what are we to think of the unfeeling wretch that would indite and print the following:

"What will any one offer for a small white terrier, value 30s.? She is very affectionate and plucky, and quite a pet, about one year old, and over distemper. Large amber or coral beads preferred in exchange."

As it is clear that large amber and coral beads could not supply the place of "quite a pet" to any faithful mind, we might, perhaps, fairly denounce the vanity of heart which would sacrifice an affection for a necklace. Think next of what is implied in the following advertisement, which might well excite in even another than a poet "thoughts that do almost lie too deep for tears":

"Curse.—Wanted, three new embroidered sets of small linen cuffs, for twelve highly approved private recipes for puddings and cakes.—\$60."

The worthy woman who sent that to the Exchange clearly had no money to buy with—she beforesought herself, poor thing! of the possibility of coining her culinary knowledge into a very humble form of greenbacks—and we should be disposed to say that the invention of pudding recipes as a sort of extemporized coin must have given that good woman quite a delightful sense of ingenuity; and yet how little she could have had to do, to be impelled by her craving for "three new embroidered sets of small linen cuffs" to exercise it!

Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON has been at it again—this time in response to the "Workingmen of South London"—represented by Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., and Messrs. Locke and Arthur, both M.P.'s. Mr. Johnson said, among other things:

"I would ask you, after this meeting is over, to ask yourselves, what is the difference between myself and an Englishman? I am unable to distinguish the slightest difference between any Englishman I have met and myself."

Well, we don't think there is much difference between Mr. Johnson and an Englishman; but we beg to remind him that there is a vast difference between an American and an Englishman.

FLEUR DE THE."

The sensation of the present week in the musical and theatrical world, will be unquestionably Leococq's Opera Bouffe, "Fleur de The," which has been promised by Mr. Grau for a length of time—ever since he first introduced the New York public to "Genevieve de Brabant"—and which is placed upon the stage with a splendor and richness of *mise en scène* that is probably unrivaled, even with all our memories of its predecessor thick upon us.

Of course it would be impossible for us to speak so confidently of this at present if we had not attended one of its last rehearsals, as its production has, in all probability, taken place as we are going to press. But we predict for it a far greater success than attended Hervé's "L'Ell Crevé," and believe that it deserves it musically, as thoroughly as it does, by the admirable manner in which the scene-painter and stage-costume have contributed to its perfection of detail. The music is capital in its way, popular indeed to the last degree, and will undoubtedly be played, hummed, and whistled, before the month is out, in every boudoir, and upon every sidewalk of Opera-Bouffe-loving New York. As for the morality of the words to which it is married, that is purely another question. Candily, however, we conceive that if the musically-moral stomach of our city could so decently and quietly swallow "Genevieve de Brabant," that "Fleur de The" can scarcely interfere with its digestive capability.

The translator of the Mercie, Mr. G. Bailey, may also be complimented upon having done his work as decorously as possible, while he supplies the lover of Opera Bouffe, whose French is not of a very high order, with a correct and by no means too indelicate translation. We ought also not to forget the good taste and talent which Mr. Stoepel displays in conducting his orchestra. Indeed, all things considered, we may frankly say that had Italian Opera been as thoroughly and carefully represented and placed upon the stage as the French Opera Bouffe has been by Mr. Grau, it would probably not have been replaced by an indisputably lower order of Art with so much larger a success. The advice of the greatest Flemish painter of sacred and historical subjects to one of his pupils, should be remembered by our musical caterers—"if you cannot paint a head well, try an earthen pot." We, ourselves, candidly prefer the good earthen pot to the miserable head. In like manner we sympathise with the public who relish Opera Bouffe with a good orchestra, a capital and good-looking chorus, splendid scenery and magnificent costume, to the Grand Opera when denuded of these attractions, even if it is an inferior class of music, and, although the singers may not as vocal artists assert their equality with the few great names we have, from time to time, thanked Heaven for sending us in the last as spice and plum to flavor the flour and water with which it was mixed, preparatory for its public baking.

In the meantime, we ought not to omit stating that Mr. John Owens has been repeating his former triumphs, and even increasing them, at the Broadway Theatre, as *Joshua Butterby* and *Solon Shingle*.

Nor that the Florentines replace the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Troupe at Wood's Museum in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

While the last-named Troupe appears at Niblo's Garden in "The Forty Thieves"—

Bailey's Japanese Combination have been the "stars" at Tammany.

Mr. Buchanan and daughter this week have appeared at the New York Theatre—we trust with that success which the American tragedian so richly deserves.

The new theatre of Mr. Booth will be opened to the public, immediately after this paper has appeared.

And last, not least, Mr. Lester Wallack produces at his own theatre "Much Ado About Nothing," in a manner which will demand from us a more elaborate notice in the coming week. Suffice it, that from what we have heard of the thorough and artistic manner in which it was to have been placed upon the stage, we anticipate for it a run until the close of the season.

ART GOSSIP.

Mr. BYRON M. PICKETT is putting the finishing touches to a very charming idealization, in marble, of that favorite flower of nursery legend, "Little Red Ridinghood." It is in what might be called *allo relief*, but in relief so prominent that it presents the appearance of a statuette. The pose of the child's head is very easy and natural, and the whole composition is marked by simplicity and breadth.

A life-size "Cinderella," in plaster, is now also to be seen in Mr. Pickett's studio, 596 Broadway. The form is that of a very young and slender damsel, lightly

draped, and full of innocent, girlish expression. If executed in marble, this statue would be a choice acquisition for any private or public collection of works of art.

The plaster bust of Bishop Hopkins, from the hand of the same sculptor, and now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, is much admired for its force and truthfulness of character; and, in contrast with this, is the marble bust of a child now to be seen in Mr. Pickett's studio—a work exquisite for delicacy of finish and life-like expression.

The second winter exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors is now open, in the corridor and east room of the Academy of Design. Taken altogether, the display is a very creditable one, and we are glad to discern in it an encouraging improvement over the exhibition of last winter.

Among the water-color contributions to this exhibition, those of Mr. S. Colman are conspicuous for their vigor and careful finish. "Corpus Christi Day, Seville—" "The Giraldas," 540, conveys, not only the architecture, but the very atmosphere of an old Spanish city, with its multitudes of picturesque character and occasional pomp.

The "Gipsy Forge," 553, of Mrs. Murray, contains passages that would make charming pictures in themselves. In the central figure, that of the blacksmith, weakness of drawing is perceptible, but there is a wonderful realization of life and vivacity in the group of which the swarthy girl with the tambourine is the principal figure.

"Summer on the Wappinger Creek," 578, by Mr. F. Rondel, is a pleasant, fresh little picture of foliage at its greenest, with a glimpse through trees of a suggestive bit of landscape beyond. Mr. Rondel has lived much at one of the most picturesque points on the Hudson river, from the neighborhood of which he has gleaned a vast amount of material for varied and characteristic landscape.

A capital study of trees, both for form and color, is "On the Bouquet River, at Elizabethtown," 620, by Mr. G. H. Smillie, who has hitherto been well-known for his contributions in oil to the Academy exhibitions.

"By the Well," from the pencil of Mr. Harry Fenn, is a small picture of cold and clear tone, wrought up to a high degree of finish in all its details. There is a certain degree of hardness, however, in Mr. Fenn's productions in water-colors that reminds one of the photograph. The sharpness with which forms are defined is excessive, though one cannot but admire the deft manipulation for which the artist is distinguished.

A picture of "Old Houses in Chatham Street," 558, by Mr. J. M. Falconer, is very clever in its way. The drifting, driving snow is represented with much force, and a really picturesque scene has been evoked by the artist out of slight materials.

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

BY EDWARD G. FAST.

III.

The extent and importance of the fur trade in Alaska is generally over-estimated. Almost all the reports which have been circulated on the subject, since the United States took possession, are far in advance of the reality, and are mostly intended to deceive the public. To judge from them, one would be led to believe that the production of fur is something approaching the fabulous, and more than sufficient to compensate the United States for the purchase-money. Nay, one report, which, from its originating with an employee of the Treasury Department, must naturally receive a certain degree of authenticity, seeks to convince us that Alaska pays for itself even by the seal-fisheries alone. Mr. Wm. Sumner Dodge, special agent of the Treasury Department, speaks thus in his pamphlet on Alaska:

"The seal is a valuable animal, and if proper regulations are established by Congress, and enforced, this branch of dairying will alone, in a few years repay the Government for the money expended in the purchase of the territory."

How unblushingly exaggerated is this statement must be evident to every person who has glanced at Charles Sumner's speech on Alaska, against which certainly it will not be objected that it has put too high an estimate on the resources of Alaska. According to that, the receipts of the Russian-American Fur Company, from the *sale of furs*, for the period from 1850 to 1859 inclusive, amounted to 1,709,149 silver roubles, and of this sum, hardly more than a third—about 600,000 silver roubles—ever have been received from the sale of seal furs. How much the obtaining, preparing and shipping of these seal furs cost, can, of course, not be determined, but let us estimate these expenses at the lowest, say at a fifth of the proceeds (120,000 silver roubles), and there remains as net profit 480,000 silver roubles. The Russian-American Fur Company had, therefore, from the seal fisheries an average annual profit of 48,000 silver roubles, i.e., \$48,000 in American currency.

Now, in view of these facts, Mr. Sumner Dodge can assure us that the seal fisheries in Alaska will in a few years bring home again the sum expended in the purchase of the territory (ten million dollars in greenbacks) remains a perfect enigma.

This official presents three plans, which, according to him, are adapted to the realizing of his promise.

1. The granting of a royalty to some well-established and respectable company—with exclusive privileges for a certain term of years, upon the payment of a certain specific sum—say fifty cents for each seal killed—under well-defined conditions, specifying the manner and the maximum of the killing. 2. General competition among all classes of traders and fishermen in this direction, under such regulations as Congress or the proper department may impose. 3. The confinement of the entire seal-killing to the natives of the islands, permitting the traders to operate outside, either hiring the natives under contract, or purchasing from them."

The third plan is very warmly recommended by Mr. Dodge. He calls it "the simplest and most efficacious mode of protection of the seal." And yet it is the third plan which is least adapted to gain the end proposed: this is plainly the case. The idea of giving up the entire interest of the seal-fishery into the hands of the natives, who, hitherto, were nothing more or less than the slaves and blind tools of the Russians, at whose bidding they would willingly have slain every seal, whether old or young, male or female, even unto the last one—to leave the protection of the seals to their discretion, is indeed a monstrous idea. But even admitting the natives were really guided by a kind of instinctive discretion, who could prevent them from fixing their prices as high as they liked, from lending their services only to the highest bidder, or from playing all those great and small tricks which are the distinguishing characteristics of every monopoly? And that would be a monopoly unequalled for its freedom and absence of all checks; and even if—as reported—the islands of St. Paul and St. George are already completely occupied by the employees of the firm of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co.—the poor natives thus only changing masters—a difference would be recognizable only in that those distin-

guishing characteristics would betray a degree of acuteness which hitherto was not to be found among the natives.

If Congress should adopt one of the three plans proposed, it would still be difficult to combine them with regulations (and enforce them without expending disproportionately great sums) equal to the prevention of the extermination of the seal; and thus, almost spontaneously, the plan offers itself which was broached in the last number of this journal.

According to the statements of Mr. Charles Sumner, the Russian-American Fur Company, during the years from 1850 to 1859, received from the sale of furs the amount of 1,709,149 silver roubles, an average of 170,915 silver roubles per year, and it cannot be doubted that, with the spirit of enterprise and commercial talent which distinguishes the American nation, the gross income of the fur trade will, in future, especially in the next few years, reach a much higher figure. But, the question is, whether the relation of expense to the gross income will remain as favorable as heretofore.

In the above-mentioned statement, the outline borne by the Russian-American Company during the same period is not so specified that one could glean therefrom the figure which represents the expenditure in the fur trade; it must, however, be assumed with some degree of certainty that it cannot be otherwise than moderate. Labor was very cheap, and the Russian-American Company itself could determine the price. In virtue of its privilege it was secured against competition—the natives on the Aleutian Isles, on the islands of Kodiak, St. Paul, and St. George, and on the southern and western coast of the peninsula of Alaska, were completely cut off from communication with the traders, and dependent for their support on the Company; the natives on the other islands, as well as on the mainland, found but seldom opportunity, and then only by smuggling, of disposing of their stock of furs to traders, and the permanent operatives in the factories were either natives or soldiers.

Under such circumstances, the prices could not be other than extraordinarily low, and we need not wonder when we hear that, for instance, for a marten-skin two roubles (not silver) were paid, i.e., 40 cents, and a fully prepared seal-skin cost the Company only one rouble (20 cents). Added to this, the Company had the advantage of not needing to pay in money, but in commodities, such as sugar, tea, flour, etc. Besides, what should the poor natives do with the money for which they had no use? Moreover, there was no other money but leather money, and if they sometimes took this, they did so in order to buy, as occasion might demand, goods from the Company. Coin there was none, and only with the occupation of the country by the United States did the leather money disappear from circulation and American silver become the only money current.

Natives engaged as day-laborers received for the day's work a sum rarely exceeding 20 cents, and the colonial soldiers who stood in the service of the Russian Company as permanent laborers enjoyed an addition to their military pay amounting to about \$12 annually. The salary of professional mechanics, such as carpenters, cabinet-makers, smiths, turners, etc., was higher, varying according to skill, exceeding, however, rarely \$50 per annum. Besides this pay in ready money (leather coin), all laborers received rations, consisting of warm soup twice a day, and every third day "a large loaf of coarse rye bread, and daily one allowance of rum." The soup was preserved, composed of a peculiar combination of heterogeneous, undistinguishable substance from the animal and vegetable kingdom, its predominating taste betraying fish as the main element. At all events, this soup was nutritious, for the consumers thereof threw well; yet it did not seem to enjoy particular favor among them.

The merit of invention of this remarkable soup is due to St. Petersburg, and being recommended as a substantial and very cheap article of food, the Directors of the Russian-American Company, five years ago, lost no time in sending a whole ship-load of this condensed or preserved soup to their American colonies. Since that time the laborers were fed with that compound without any interruption, and yet on their arrival the Americans found on hand a supply which would have sufficed for ten years longer.

The distribution of rum rations took place every morning at eleven o'clock, and was announced by the ringing of a bell. On hearing the signal all the laborers left the factories, and the various places where they were engaged, and ran in double quick time to the great storehouse near the harbor, where they formed a double line. The liquor was contained in a copper vessel, standing before the door, and was dealt out by means of a tin measure, containing a quarter of a pint. Each man was allowed, when his turn came, to dip out his own ration, but not quitting his place without having swallowed his rum. Particular attention was paid to this, for it had frequently happened that laborers, instead of consuming their rations immediately, accumulated them in bottles, either in order to sell them, or in order to enjoy in due season, and in greater quantities, the refreshing luxury; we are even assured that laborers have been discovered in the act (object as above stated) of filling their bottles with their rations after the same had been taken into their mouths. May not this be ranked among Whisky Frauds?

The higher employees of the Company received their rum in monthly rations, and drew it at pleasure from the stores of the Company. But even five years ago they were subjected to restrictions which are not greatly different from those which were used against the common laborers.

The employees received every month, besides their salary, a number of tin checks, stipulated by contract, which entitled the bearer to a glass of rum to be drunk at a bar erected for this purpose. The number of checks were in accordance with the rank of the receiver, and amounted to 30, 60, or 90 per month, respectively, for one, two, or three drunks per day, which had to be consumed at the bar, but could not be gathered into bottles.

The salaries of the employees of the Russian-American Company amounted to very little, the Treasurer only receiving over \$1,000.

An officer of high grade, from the Imperial Navy, was appointed Governor, to hold such position for five years, and besides his half-pay, received a salary of \$2,000, and 100 marten furs as perquisites out of the stores of the Company. The Port-Captain, who was also an officer of the Imperial Navy, drew, in addition to his military half-pay, a salary of \$1,200 per annum. All the employees received free lodgings and the required fuel, but all the other necessaries of life they

were compelled to purchase at the Company's stores, which kept an assortment of drygoods, hardware, clothing, groceries, etc., for their accommodation. In this manner the money paid by the Company to its employes returned again into the hands of the Company, which, making its own prices and having no competition, was naturally the winning party; but it is otherwise true that the gains so realized could be of no great consequence, as the Company was bound by law to sell its goods to the employes at cost price. These prices were always below San Francisco market value; nevertheless, frequent complaints were heard, more as regarded the limited assortment, than to any exorbitant charge.

On the arrival of the Americans in Alaska, the Russian leather money was withdrawn from circulation, and the Russian employes received their salaries in American silver money, which enabled them, if they preferred, to purchase goods and provisions from American stores. But as long as the required goods could be had in the Russian stores, no Russian ever thought of buying elsewhere, and neither did any American.

The low rate of labor and the cheapness of production can easily be seen from the above account; if we further consider that the whole stock of the Russian-American Company was always bought by its own agents in European and Asiatic markets, and shipped to Alaska on board of its own vessels, and that these vessels were built by itself, and that all the materials which were no production of the country, all engines and tools which it could not manufacture, were purchased in the cheapest and most convenient markets, and that there were no custom-house restrictions, it becomes clear that the advantages enjoyed by said Company could not have been more favorable.

For us Americans the same advantages do not exist. According to our laws, the natives are now freedmen, and may sell furs or render services to whom they please, and for the price they choose to ask. No laborers can now be bought for twenty cents, neither can they be fed on Spartan soup. Now, labor is dear, and so are all the means necessary for the development of the few resources of that country.

The prices of the most ordinary provisions have gone up enormously, and free trade has been restricted by the establishment of a custom-house.

To this must be added, that since the cession of Alaska to the United States, the Russian Government has inaugurated a policy with regard to our intercourse with Siberia which embarrasses greatly our Alaska commerce.

Through establishment of a very high tariff our trade with the ports on the Amoor and the eastern coasts has almost become entirely impossible. It is beyond doubt that Russia fears the political consequences naturally springing from an intercourse of her Siberian subjects and the citizens of our free Republic. As long as Russia had possessions in America it was impossible for her to exclude Siberia from the rest of the world.

Alaska, then, was just as much a thorn in her side as it is now in ours; freed of Alaska, and the \$7,000,000 safely pocketed, it now closes the doors to Siberia right in our face, leaving us out in the cold; it gives us plenty of time to meditate upon the beautiful sentence of Mr. Charles Sumner, from Massachusetts, which reads: "The treaty affirms and assures the amity of Russia; even if you doubt the value of these possessions, the treaty is a sign of friendship."

Enterprise in Interior Cities—George H. Ellis's New Piano Establishment, Syracuse, New York.

It would be an injustice to the enterprising merchants of our thriving cities of the interior to assume that they are behind the capitalists of the metropolis in the march of improvement. The traveler is often surprised at the extent and magnificence of some of the pastoral business establishments that have recently been erected in inland communities.

We illustrate this week the new and elegant ware-room for the sale of Pianos, Melodeons, Parlor Organs, etc., recently established in Syracuse by Mr. George H. Ellis, one of the most enterprising and tasteful pioneers in the pianoforte business. Mr. Ellis, with consummate tact, has surrounded his business place with the elegant and luxurious adornments of a private house, and has, by that means, drawn around him all the refined and elegant people of Syracuse, and the adjacent places. His store is, of itself, a centre of attraction, and he has stocked it with Pianos and Organs of such wide-spread reputation and superior excellence, that it cannot fail to become the resort of all who are looking for first-class instruments.

The ware-room is located on the principal street of Syracuse, and its position for business purposes could hardly be better.

It is over one hundred feet long, by thirty feet wide, and is lighted on three sides by seventeen windows. The walls are covered with exquisite designs, and richly painted in panels and borders. Blinds in keeping with leading color temper the abundant light to a tone of subdued harmony. The floor is richly carpeted

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 341.



THE NEW ARMY FILTER VAN, ENGLAND.



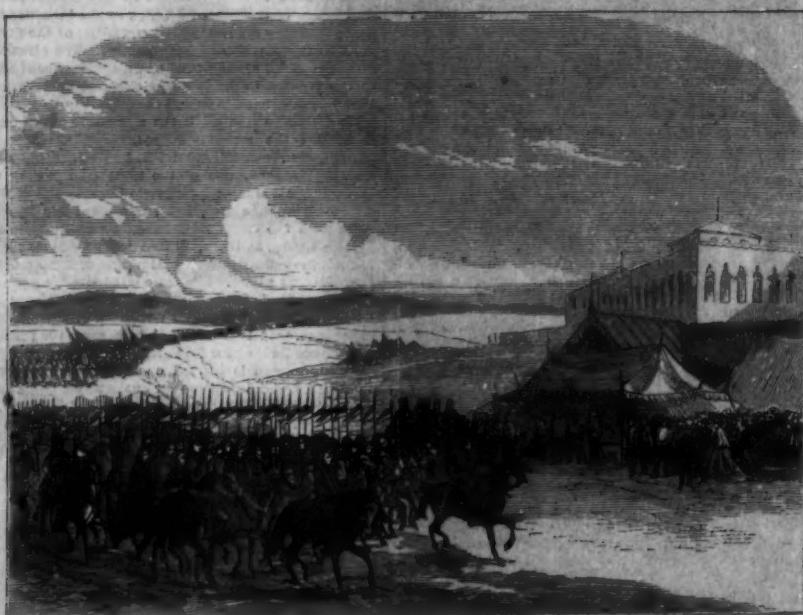
THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS,—BARCELONA, SPAIN.



THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.



VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN PEKING, CHINA.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



VIEW OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS BEFORE THE VICEROY AND LORD NAPIER.



THE RECENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS—VIEW FROM THE OBSERVATORY.



THE REVIEW OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE STAR OF INDIA.



THE PALACE TUILLERIES, PARIS,—PURCHASED BY EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The New Army Filter Van.

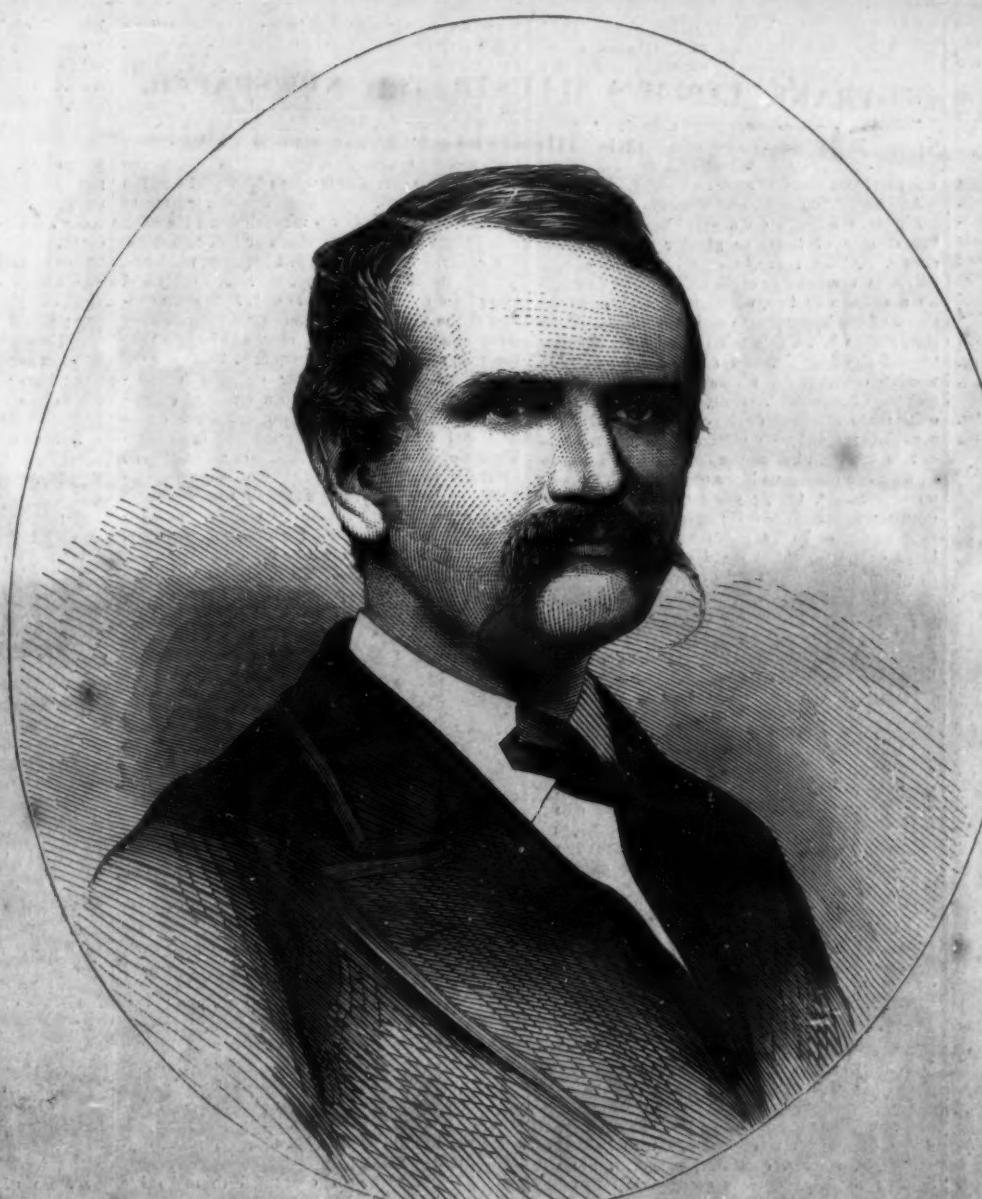
The great difficulty which attends the movements of large bodies of soldiers, especially in hot climates, is that of obtaining a sufficient quantity of pure drinking water. During the Abyssinian campaign, an American invention, known as the tube well, proved of untold service to the troops. A further step toward obviating, or at least relieving the difficulty, has just been taken in the construction of an army filter-van, designed particularly for service with the British army in India. This apparatus holds two hundred and fifty gallons of unfiltered water in a tank, enclosed in a wood casing, by which the water is kept cool in the hottest weather. The water is drawn in through a suction-hose connecting with a cistern beneath the tank, through which the water passes to the filters. These are composed of a layer of sand, a body of charcoal, and another layer of sand. At the bottom of the well is a sediment-trap, in which the impurities settle, and whence they are drawn off by a cock at the bottom; in the same way, also, impurities are collected and drawn off from the filters.

The Boulevards, Paris, on New Year's Day.

On New Year's Day, the boulevards of Paris present a scene which, although somewhat monotonous, is peculiar to the French capital. Hundreds of enclosed wooden stalls—all constructed and painted after one model—line both pavements, and expose to the view of pedestrians every conceivable article that is likely to tempt money from the pocket. As no work whatever is done in Paris on New Year's, workmen, with their wives and families, crowd the streets, elbowing the small shopkeeper, who, with all his belongings, takes his stroll along the boulevards, as do all the clerks and shopmen, all the idlers, all the old men and women, and all the beauty of the great city. The city of Paris erects these stalls every year, and lets them out at a rent of one franc a day, payable every evening. The fashion of thus lining the boulevards originated during the first French Revolution, and has lasted, with certain interruptions, up to the present time.

A Street in the City of Pekin.

The great street of the Chinese capital, with all its Oriental characteristics,



HON. GEORGE M. CURTIS, JUDGE OF THE NEW YORK MARINE COURT—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. GURNEY & SON.

its bamboo houses, its singular vehicles and queued inhabitants, is accurately represented in our picture. The drawing was made from a magnificent photograph taken by M. Champion, a French traveler, who has explored Eastern Asia, and has collected a number of interesting views of cities and scenery in the Flower Kingdom.

Review of Egyptian Troops before the Viceroy and Lord Napier—The Investiture of the Viceroy of Egypt with the Grand Cross of the Star of India, Cairo.

Her Majesty's ship *Endymion*, with Lord Napier of Magdala on board, arrived at Alexandria on Monday, November 2d. On the following morning, escorted by Consul-General Stanton, he left for Cairo, where the Viceroy had placed one of his palaces at his disposal. Immediately on his arrival, Lord Napier waited upon the Viceroy, and preparations commenced for the investiture of His Highness with the Grand Cross of the Star of India. This interesting ceremony was performed at the Palace of Abasseh, situated on the desert, a few miles from the town. Lord Napier was driven to the palace in one of the Viceroy's state carriages, escorted by a detachment of lanciers, and followed by the various officers of the consulate. After being received by His Highness, surrounded by his great officers of state, Lord Napier ordered the Queen's warrant to be read, and then presented

the Viceroy with the Collar, Badge, and Star of the Order, accompanying the act with an appropriate reference to the eminent services rendered by the recipient to England during the late Abyssinian war. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and after smoking a chibouque, the Viceroy and Lord Napier, with their respective suites, reviewed a body of 8,000 Egyptian troops, whose fine appearance and correct movements were remarked by all the military officers present.

The Municipal Elections at Barcelona, Spain.

The scene represented in the engraving looks familiar to American eyes. Were it not that here and there the picturesque costume, the sauced waist and kerchiefed head of a Spanish peasant meet the eye, we might fancy it to be a picture of election-day in New York or Philadelphia. The polls are held, it will be seen, in the Grand Theater del Liceo, and upon the walls of the edifice, side by side with the playbills announcing "L'Africaine," are posted the political placards appealing respectively to the partisans of republicanism and of monarchy.

The Recent Eruption of Vesuvius.

Another eruption of Vesuvius! It is but a short time since the terrible volcano compelled us to give it our attention. It might have been thought that the monster had assuaged his wrath, and that the popula-

tions could consider themselves sheltered from all danger; but it seems that these eruptions tend to become more frequent. The lavas have not, perhaps, the violence of the eruptions that swallowed Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, A. D. 79, but they were, nevertheless, of a nature to cause serious anxiety in villages in the vicinity of the mountain. As may be seen in our engraving, the present eruption occurred on the side of the mountain facing Monte de Somma. The lava flowed to the base of the principal cone in the ravine near the Observatory, which was not less than three hundred yards in breadth. The lava continued to spread over a breadth of two kilometers.

The Palace Basilewski, Paris.

The Palace Basilewski, which has just been purchased by Queen Isabella, is considered one of the pearls that adorn that rich casket which is called New Paris. It was built three years ago by Count Basilewski, who gave the architects and artists *carte blanche* to erect a palace worthy the city which is called the capital of the world. The palace is on the Avenue of the King of Rome, at the angle of Rue Patquet. Six doors open into the courtyard. These doors are flanked by two stone pillars, supporting allegorical figures, from the chiseled of Bloche, representing the four quarters of the globe. The hotel, which is two stories high above the basement, is composed of three pavilions, the centre one of which is fronted by a portico sustained by eight columns of composite order, these surmounted by the heraldic shield of Count Basilewski. The vestibule is all white marble. The furniture, of severe simplicity, was brought, it is said, from the Chateau de Granha, near Madrid. It is supposed that the apartments to the left of the vestibule will be occupied by King Don Francois d'Assise. The apartments on the first story are reserved for the Queen, and the second story is intended for the household. In the other wing of the hotel, separated from the Queen's chamber by the staircase, are the apartments intended for the young Prince of the Asturias. This palace, no doubt, is not as fine as the Escorial, but nevertheless, it presents a habitation not unworthy the exiled Queen.

Hon. George M. Curtis, Judge of the New York Marine Court.

JUDGE CURTIS is the youngest of our city judiciary. He is a native of New England, was born in 1811, and is



REV. LEWIS R. FINK—PASTOR CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH.—SEE PAGE 343.



CENTRAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—SEE PAGE 343.



SANTA CRUZ, CUBA.—FROM A SKETCH BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 343.

therefore, about twenty-eight years of age. While still quite young he removed to this city, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar soon after attaining his majority.

In 1853 he was elected to the Legislature of this State as Representative of the Fifth Ward of this city. After serving one term he returned to the practice of his profession, and in 1855 was appointed Assistant Corporation Attorney for the city, which office he held about a year. In the fall of 1855 he was again elected to represent the same constituency in the State Legislature. While in the Assembly he served on the Committee on the Judiciary, a committee which is uniformly selected from the ablest lawyers in the House. During his legislative career he made some of the most eloquent and effective speeches of the session, especially in defense of the city against encroachments by the dominant party in the State.

Returning again to practice at the Bar, he attracted considerable notice from his fluent and vigorous addresses to the jury in many important cases, particularly in the criminal courts.

From an early age he took an active part in politics, and soon attained great popularity as one of the leading orators of the Democracy.

In 1867 the announcement of his candidacy for the nomination to the Bench of the Marine Court gathered around him hosts of friends, principally among the younger politicians, and at the Tammany Convention, in the fall of that year, he received the nomination by acclamation. He was elected by a majority of forty-two thousand votes over his Republican competitor.

The Marine Court is not, as its name would indicate, a court of exclusive maritime jurisdiction. It was established originally for the benefit of seamen, to enable them to recover speedily their claims against masters of vessels for wages. Its jurisdiction has been gradually extended to such an extent, that it is now the popular civil court of the city, having cognizance of civil cases generally where the claim does not exceed five hundred dollars.

The course of Judge Curtis on the Bench has given very general satisfaction. In the performance of his duties, he is "short, sharp, and decisive," which in these days of "the law's delay" is in itself no inconsiderable merit. Although naturally possessed of excellent powers of mind, exhibited in an unusual quickness of perception and readiness in seizing the point of the case, accompanied by a remarkable knowledge of human nature for one so young, yet it is the opinion of many of his friends that the proper field for the exercise of his talents would be the Bar rather than the Bench. Indeed, it is questionable whether he does not himself feel oppressed by the fitters of judicial reticence, and would not prefer being before the Bench to being on it. Still, when time and experience shall have somewhat toned down the ambition and impetuosity of the youthful barrister, there can be no doubt that he will be regarded by the profession and the community as an able and reliable Judge.

THE PICTURE OF THE WORLD.

One morning of a summer's day,
Upon a painter's easel lay
The picture of a child at play;
A form of laughing life and grace,
And finished, all except the place
Left empty for the untouched face.
In nodding violets, half asleep,
The dancing feet were ankle deep;
One rounded arm was heaping up
With clover bloom and buttercup;
The other tossed a blossom high
To lure a lowering butterfly.

Twas easy to imagine there,
In that round frame of rippled hair,
The wanting face, all bright and fair.

A sadder artist came that day,
Looked on the picture where it lay,
And, sitting in the painter's place,
He painted in the missing face.
From his own heart the hues he took—
Lo! what a wan and woeful look!
Under that mocking wreath of flowers,
A brow worn old with weary hours;
A face—once seen one still must see;
Wise, awful eyes' solemnity,
Lips long ago too tired to hide
The torture lines where love had died;
The look of a despair too late,
Too dead, to even be desperate;
A face for which so far away
The struggle and the protest lay,
No memory of it more could stay.
Repulsed and reckless, withered, wild,
It stared above that dancing child.

At night a musing poet came,
And shuddering, wrote beneath its name.

Mr. Volt, the Alchemist.

I AM by profession a solicitor—I regret to say literally so; my practice being almost entirely confined to "soliciting" the settlement of long-standing debts, on behalf of clients whose less peremptory solicitations have proved ineffectual. Business of this nature took me to St. John's, on the South North-Eastern Railway. I had a spare evening before me, and remembering that an old college chum of mine, Mark Stedburn, had married and settled down as a doctor somewhere in the neighborhood, I resolved to look him up.

"You see that tall tower on the hill, right across the heath, three miles away? That's Mr. Volt's Tower at Firworth. Walk straight for the tower, and you can't mistake. You'll find Mr. Stedburn's a little further on."

It was a pleasant walk across the winter heath. The rain had fallen all day, but had ceased at sunset, and the stars sparkled as if the rain had washed them newly bright.

Not far from the tower, I met Mark Stedburn, bustling along on foot at a great pace. I might have passed him without knowing who he was; he had become so pale, and thin, and hollow-eyed; but he recognized me immediately.

"Look here, old boy," he said, "you will suppose me, and of course I will find you a bed; but I am off to see a patient a couple of miles away, and I can't say to half an hour how long I may be detained. I tell you what you shall do till I re-

turn. Take my card, by way of introduction, and go in and see Mr. Volt at the tower there. He is always delighted to see visitors, and is a kind of man you won't meet every day."

"But what is Mr. Volt?"

"What is he? Everything, almost. A great chemist for one thing. He professes to believe in alchemy. But go in and see him for yourself. I will meet you there as soon as I can."

And he shook hands, and went his way.

Firworth I found on a great healthy hill, with two clumps of fir—the greater and the lesser clump. About these, traffic has worn a bald patch in the heather on the hill-top, and thrown up a cottage or two, which is Firworth. In the midst of the lesser clump and in the centre of the rise, stands Mr. Volt's tall brick tower, tapering toward the parapet, and surmounted by a high wooden observatory, whose top is about ninety feet from the ground. Built into the walls of the edifice are mystical devices in dark bricks. A sun-dial, marked with strange characters, stood out in the light before the door, when I first saw it, with two enormous boles of gnarled dead trees on either side, taking grotesque shapes in the evening light. When I pulled the heavy iron ring at the end of a chain hanging before the large oaken door, it seemed as if the clangor of the deep-toned bell would never cease. It died away in queer echoes, that seemed to wake again the topmost stories of the building above me. I could hear the sound wandering about the hollow tower until it reached the observatory, whence it floated out into the night.

The door was opened by a man, who might have been of any age between forty and seventy. He was either an old young man, or a young old man. He carried an oil-lamp which he shaded with his hand. I saw that he had a quantity of matted gray hair and beard; that his face was kindly and intellectual, though full and sleek; that his eyes, deep and brown and thoughtful, glowed with a strange dull lustre that made me suspect opium. His dress was disorderly, uncouth, and old-fashioned.

Apologizing for my intrusion, I introduced myself as a friend of Mr. Stedburn's, and presented Mark's card.

"I need no introduction," said Mr. Volt, quietly. "Living here alone, I am always glad to see a fellow-student. You are a fellow-student, or you would not be here. Enter."

We passed through some spacious bare rooms full of old sculpture, old pictures, old books, and philosophical instruments, heaped in piles without care or order, and covered with dust and cobwebs. Then he led me into a large laboratory, of which every part was crammed with bottles of chemicals, retorts, crucibles, papers, more old books and pictures, more strange instruments, and all kinds of learned litter. A small furnace was at one end of the room, and beside it a still.

"You see the nature of my employment?" Mr. Volt began, when he had begged me to be seated in a tall old-fashioned chair. "My time is occupied in chemical research. It is a wide field, sir, a wide field. It is true we seekers have found neither the philosopher's stone, nor the elixir vita, nor the alchemist; but in seeking them through speculative chemistry, we have found the secrets of steam, gas, electricity. It is good still to keep before us the three old aims of alchemists; the more so, I think, if they never be attained, since they stimulate search. When we give up dreaming of wonders yet unrealized, we shall give up seeking."

"Am I to suppose," I said, "that you have yourself contributed an important discovery to science?"

"I don't know. I can scarcely tell," replied Mr. Volt, hesitating. "I fear it is in advance of the age."

The eyes of the old man assumed a singular look of fulness, and the pupils became dilated.

"You will probably be skeptical when I tell you that I have discovered a certain solvent by which to resolve the being we call man, at will, into his primitive elements of body and spirit: allowing the spirit by itself to travel over the universe, free from the gross trammels of the fleshly element."

"You do not mean to imply that you can go out of body at pleasure?" I asked, doubtful of Mr. Volt's sanity.

"I do mean no less, and probably more," he replied, with composure.

"Surely it is more easy to go out of your mind, I observed."

"A jest is but a poor answer to a fact proved by experience. Still I will accept your very retort as an evidence how plausible my position really is. If it be so easy as you suppose for a man to go out of his mind (which, to me, involves a contradiction of terms, since I hold the mind to be the man himself), it surely must be less difficult to suppose he can go out of his body; which, I take it, is but the external idea of the man. For my own part, I have been a great traveler, although my external idea has not left Firworth for many years. I explored Central Africa long before Livingstone. I am familiar with the whole tract of Abyssinia, and have investigated all the territory of Japan. Dreams, you say? The publishers say the same. Although I have written volumes on the subject of my travels, no one will print them, simply on the ground that I was not foolish enough to waste time and endanger my life on the long sea voyages, when I could travel quicker without."

"I made the first step in my grand discovery," Mr. Volt went on, and I saw that argument was out of the question, "accidentally. Your friend, Mark Stedburn, who occasionally practices chemistry with me, was, at my suggestion, combining olefiant gas and iodine in a peculiar manner over the furnace, to produce a vapor of iodic ether at a high temperature, with which to experiment. When heated to three hundred and eighty degrees, fumes of a pale violet color, and of a penetrating ethereal odor, rose from the crucible, dispersing themselves in wreathing clouds about the room. I remembered at this moment having

made a very important omission in the directions I had given him, but feared to speak, as the operation on which he was engaged was of so delicate and absorbing a nature, that to disturb him even by a word, would have involved his going through the whole process again. At the time I wished very strongly that he would take a certain book from a shelf beside him, and refer to section two hundred and seventeen, where he would find the omitted direction. His back was toward me at the moment, but I saw him reach down the book and refer to the place. When he had completed the experiment successfully, I inquired what had led him to take down that book? His reply was 'I *feel* you had told me to do so.' Reflection convinced me that I had unknowingly projected my mind upon him; and I had reason to believe that the pale violet vapor had rendered this easier of accomplishment than under ordinary circumstances. I then commenced a series of experiments with a view to ascertain how far it would be possible to carry out this principle of the projection of mind. I find it is first of all needful so to refine the body, by a course of low vegetable diet, succeeded by a day's fasting, that the spirit shall withdraw itself from its outposts and become gradually detached from the external idea, every part of which must be brought into abject subjugation to the will. Then, after inhaling the pale violet vapor for fifteen minutes, I take a small quantity of confection from this box, and, remaining in the heated fumes of the vapor, can distill the spirit from my body in a pure essence, as easily as we distill the spirit from any other earthly body. I thus obtain pure concentrated mind. In this state I can either travel—not involuntarily as in dreams, but consciously and under the direction of my own will—or I can project my mind on that of another person, and live in him and direct him for the time being, while my own body appears to sleep."

"May I ask of what this confection consists?" I said, very skeptically indeed. Mr. Volt placed in my hand a small tortoise-shell box, containing a dull greenish paste.

"That is the true 'hatchis,'" he explained; "it is made of many ingredients, but Indian hemp, and a peculiar volatile preparation of opium, are two of its active principles."

"And the vapor?"

"No; that is my secret. But," he continued, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "I meditate a still greater experiment in the projection of mind than any I have hitherto attempted. I propose for Mark Stedburn and myself to perform the operation simultaneously; each to project his mind upon that of the other, and not to rest until we have literally exchanged ideas—I mean outward ideas—bodies."

"Has Mr. Stedburn consented to make the attempt?" I inquired.

"He has. And we intend to try it very soon. I do not, however, conceal from myself that the experiment is fraught with some risk, since we have largely to increase the dose of hatchis. Now, having no near relations of any kind, I have resolved to execute a document, leaving my whole property to Mark Stedburn, before we begin the experiment. And to prevent any difficulty, in the event of my decease, arising from ignorant persons who might stupidly attribute it to suicide (for it might look like it), I intend to execute an unconditional deed of gift, instead of a will. If you would act as trustee of this deed I should feel obliged."

Just then the great bell rang, and Mark came in: to my infinite relief.

"Well," he said, "has Mr. Volt told you of his grand discovery?"

"Oh, yes," I returned.

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied, raising my eyebrows to imply that I didn't know what to say about it in Mr. Volt's presence.

"You see," said Mark to Mr. Volt, "our friend's mind cannot quite grasp a new and powerful truth all at once. When he has tested it by experience, he will be wiser."

"No doubt," he assented.

Was Mark's believer, too? And were they both mad? As I looked at the two men together—Mr. Volt, plump and full-faced; Mark, thin and pale—it occurred to me that by deluding him into dreamy and speculative studies, Mr. Volt had sucked the life and health out of my friend as if he had been a vampire.

"This is the hatchis," said Mark, bringing me the box again. "Shall he try it, Mr. Volt?"

"Yes, if he will; though its effect, alone, without previous preparation of the body and without the violet vapor, can only be feeble."

I deprecated any trial of the sort.

"Try it," Mark insisted; "I give you my word as a medical man, and as your friend, that I have taken it myself, and that you shall feel no ill-effects from it. I promise that you shall not remain more than ten minutes under its influence. Take the dose Mr. Volt will give you. It is now ten minutes to nine. You shall leave the tower with me at nine punctually."

I consented. Mr. Volt brought a tiny thin spoon, and with it took out a portion of the hatchis, about as big as a hazel nut.

"Now," said he, "during the time you are under the influence of this paste, you will have certain experiences. Decide whether they shall be real or ideal. Real, in the sense of a succession of persistently coherent ideas independent of your own will (for I think I can so far project my mind upon yours as to insure that), or ideal, in the sense of a succession of ideas directed by your own will."

I replied that, as I could at any time obtain a succession of ideas directed by my own will, I would elect a succession of ideas produced by his will.

Having seated me on the sofa, he gave me the spoonful of hatchis, looking steadily into my eyes as he did so.

I felt that his eyes hurt me somewhere in my

head—I can't tell where—and looking at his legs, I saw them grow large, and long, and zigzaggy, till they flashed away up in the ceiling, and I felt a kind of veil-like misty rain let down before my eyes. I seemed to grow up out of this veil, or through it, and to gaze on the pure blue night sky and the sparkling stars, until quickly I was near them. They loomed, shining, on me, as huge & full-orbed planets, and I could hear the whirr and rush they made, as they wheeled past me round their awful orbits until they grew distant and small, and faded into twinkling stars again. Then, looking down, I saw the earth spread out like a dark curtain beneath me, and I heard it yield two great notes like the notes of a huge organ; one, harsh and discordant from the cities that blazed up, a mass of flame and lurid smoke into the peaceful sky—the cry of trouble and unrest; the other, like the quiet murmur of the forest in the night winds. These two went up together to the stars and blended into music. Then I felt a cramping sensation and became oppressed, and, gradually recovering, found myself with Mr. Volt and Mark. I went home with Mark, and supped, and I went to bed and slept it off, and next morning returned to London, and fell into my humdrum life again.

I cannot tell how afterward it may have been, but as nearly as I can calculate it must have been at least two months, when I received a letter from Mark, announcing the death of Mr. Volt. The letter stated that, in attempting to carry out their intention of effecting a change of bodies, his eccentric friend had unfortunately made a mistake in his dose, which had proved fatal.

I went down to Firworth immediately. The first thing that struck me was the alteration in Mark's appearance. He had become unaccountably plump and sleek, and seemed wonderfully to have improved in health during the past few weeks. Another thing occurred to me as odd, and this gave me pain. Mark appeared strangely anxious to convince me that Mr. Volt was really dead, and not in a long trance produced by "hatchis." Notwithstanding my repugnance, he insisted on taking me to see his friend's body, that I might be assured of the fact. There could be no doubt whatever that Mr. Volt was dead, nor was there any doubt of the fact that he had not come to his death by an overdose of the "hatchis," for the body gave out a most powerful and unmistakable odor of opium. Now, it being the character of that drug to dissipate itself immediately in the system, even when taken to the extent of an ordinary poisoning dose, so thoroughly that it is next to impossible to determine its presence by the nicest tests, it was quite clear to me, from being able so readily to perceive the smell, that Mr. Volt had died of an enormous overdose of opium. As he had been a good chemist, it was hardly reasonable to suppose that he could have taken such a dose ignorantly, if in his senses. It remained, therefore, either that Mr. Volt must have committed suicide, sanely, or in a fit of insanity, or that the opium must have been intentionally administered to him by another person. When I reflected upon Mark's anxiety to prove that Mr. Volt was dead, and upon his interest in his death, and when I considered, besides, how singularly Mark was altered in his ways and modes of thought, as well as in his bodily appearance, for a moment I had suspicions of him. His account, however, was as follows: That, under the influence of the vapor, Mr. Volt had taken by mistake the same quantity of opium confection that he had meant to take of the green paste, while Mark, conscious of the mistake, yet being himself under the influence of "hatchis" at the time, was unable to recover himself soon enough to prevent the error, or to use remedial agents to save his friend's life. At the inquest Mark, nevertheless, suppressed all mention of the attempted experiment, and, on his deposition that the deceased had been in the habit of consuming large quantities of narcotics, a verdict was returned to the effect that Mr. Volt came to his death through taking an overdose of opium in a fit of temporary insanity. The general opinion expressed by the rustic jury, on dismission, was this:

"They always know'd old Volt were certain to poison himself accidentally some day, and now he had been and gone and done it sure enough, and no mistake."

One afternoon, shortly after the funeral, while away the time while Mark went to visit the same distant patient as before, I thought I would go over the tower and look into some of Mr. Volt's curious lumber. I obtained the key from Mrs. Stedburn, and, letting myself in at the great heavy oak door, made my way to the laboratory. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed since Mr. Volt's decease. The place was in its wonted litter. Books, manuscripts, diagrams, instruments, bottles, retorts, crucibles, were lying about as of yore. Taking down a large manuscript tome from one of the shelves, and finding it to consist of some of Mr. Volt's dream-travels in Northern Asia, I blew off the dust, and having banged the covers together to beat out some of the fine punget mildew from inside, began reading. I had finished the first chapter, when I heard my name called in a tone of entreaty.

"Tom!"

I looked round, but could see no one. Presently the call was repeated still more plaintively.

"Tom!"

There was no mistake about it, and it was Mark Stedburn's voice.

"Tom, I say!"

The voice seemed to come from the other side of the laboratory. I concluded that Mark was in the grounds calling from outside one of the windows.

"Where are you?" I hallooed, going over to a window to look out.

"Here," said the voice, faintly, apparently from within the room.

It seemed to come from one of the shelves close by me, but high up. I took the light ladder that

belonged to the laboratory, and began to examine these shelves one after another: determined to see into this delusion, for I thought it nothing else. There were, on the shelves, books and bottles and papers—papers and bottles and books—in endless numbers, and all covered with dust. As I ran my eye along them, I observed one very small phial, less dusty than the rest, with a label on it in small characters, apparently written more recently than the labels on the other bottles, for the ink on this was not discolored by time as they were. I read thus:

MARK STEDBURN.

Bottled Feb. 4, 1857.

The date was that of Mr. Volt's death. I was about to take the phial into my hands to examine it more closely, when a voice, that appeared to come from the inside of the bottle, said:

"Take me down very gently. Don't shake me, Tom, whatever you do. This is *II'*"

It was Mark Stedburn's voice.

"You?"

"Yes, this is the pure *Essence of Mind*, which that rascal, old Volt, has distilled out of my body in a volatile spirit. Fool that I was to let him try, but I never believed he could do it. This is I, Tom—in a fluid state!"

I lifted him down carefully and placed him before me on the laboratory table. The bottle contained a thin, colorless liquid, which I judged to be very subtle and highly rectified, because its surface was perfectly level, and not concave in the slightest degree—as would be the case with the strongest known spirit. In so confined an area it would rise slightly at the sides of the glass, from attraction. This did not.

I took out the cork to try how he would smell.

"Don't, Tom, don't; it's so cold," he cried, pitifully; "cork me, there's a dear friend—cork me quickly, or I shall evaporate, goodness knows where."

"Mark," I said, severely, having complied with his request, "you are an impostor. You are a phantom of the brain, or of the stomach. You either represent the ill effects of that bit of 'hatchis' I was foolish enough to take two months ago, or you are the ill-digested dinner I took to-day with you and your wife."

"I'm no impostor, Tom," he answered. "I'm an unfortunate reality. I'm persistent and coherent, and independent of your will. And I've been a most unfortunate reality without the ghost of an external idea ever since Volt served me this scurvy trick. You didn't dine with me to-day, Tom. I don't appreciate dinners in my fluid state. You dined with Volt and my wife."

"Nonsense, Mark. Volt is dead, and you and I buried him."

"Tom, you don't understand. Will you promise to listen, and not interrupt me any more? I want to lay my case before you for a legal opinion?"

Having rubbed my eyes, pinched myself, and trod on a most painful bunion which I keep for such emergencies, to prove I was not dreaming, I consented to listen to the bottle; which proceeded to deliver itself of this painful narrative.

"You are aware that Mr. Volt and I meditated making an exchange of external ideas—bodies—*pro tem.* Well; after nearly a month's dietary, to bring our susceptibilities to the requisite degree of fineness, we met in the laboratory for the purpose of carrying out the experiment. Before proceeding to business, Mr. Volt informed me that, in case of fatal results to himself, he had left me the tower and all its contents by deed of gift. This was very generous, as it appeared to me, but not very reassuring. We then got our still under way, and produced a great quantity of the violet vapor of iodine ether. When we had become thoroughly impregnated with its fumes, we each took a stiff dose of 'hatchis.' Now, whether Mr. Volt, through contriving to sit nearer to me I did to the heating apparatus which gave out the vapor, inhaled more of it in the time than I, or how otherwise it took place, I do not know; but it is certain that he managed to distill the spirit out of his body some few minutes before I was ready to leave mine. The consequence was, that while his body remained empty, waiting for its new tenant, his essence wandered about the room. 'Be quick, for it's awful chilly,' his essence said to me. 'I am as quick as I can be,' I retorted. As soon as ever I felt myself quite loose, I disengaged myself from my external idea. And I had no sooner done this than Mr. Volt took possession of it; for I heard him say to me, in my old voice, 'All right, Mark; I'm in; how are you getting on?' You will scarcely credit the baseness of that man; but how do you think he had occupied the time till I was ready? If you will believe me, he had gone over to his empty body and poured a pint and a half of laudanum down its throat, and killed it, so as to leave me nowhere to go to! I could have cried with vexation: but being vapor already, I didn't like to, in fear of injuring myself. I made several vigorous attempts to condense myself back in my own body; but my body was only made to accommodate one, and Mr. Volt more than filled it already. This accounts for its puffing out, and being so smooth and sleek, now he occupies it; it being a little tight for him. 'What is to become of me?' I cried. Mr. Volt, who was pretty comfortably settled in my body, by this time replied, 'We'll soon settle that,' and he went and fetched a great cold sheet of glass—ugh!—and condensed me into this liquid state, and poured me into this phial. You see why the rascal made his property over to me. It was only in order that, when he had stolen my body, he might enjoy it himself. Now, in all your professional experience, did you ever meet with a case like mine?"

"Never," I returned.

"Very well, then. What is my remedy in law against Mr. Volt?"

"Really," I said, "there is no precedent to go

by. I don't see what you can charge Mr. Volt with."

"Charge him with!" he retorted, sharply. "Why, with every crime in the statute-book. Begin with common assault. Isn't it a common assault to beat a man to a jelly?"

"Of course it is."

"Then how much more to reduce a man to a fluid state? What would he get for the common assault?"

"Say a fine of forty shillings and costs."

"And when he has paid that, can't you charge him with felony? Isn't it felony to steal wooden legs and arms?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then how much the more to steal real legs and arms! He has got all mine. What would he get for that?"

"Not more than a twelvemonth (it being his first offense), if convicted," I said, with marked emphasis on the "if."

"You can charge him next with forgery, can't you? Presuming on stealing my body, he has forged my name to checks on my banking account, besides embezzling the moneys in my cash-box."

"That is an unquestionable offense."

"How much for the forgery?" he asked.

"About seven years' transportation."

"Then, again, he is living with my wife; it's bigamy, and good for two years, at least."

"Scarcely bigamy on his part," I said, "since, if your story stood in evidence, your wife would be the bigamist, she having two husbands, whereas Mr. Volt is not a married man."

"That's unfortunate; but you can make him a co-respondent, can't you, and get damages out of him, and then prosecute him again for paying the damages out of my money? And then you can charge him with suicide, for killing his own body. What's the punishment for that?"

"Only to be buried, and he has been that; or, if he has not, then he is not dead, and cannot be charged with that offense."

"Make it murder, then. Indict him under the name of Stedburn, to save trouble, and charge him with the murder of Mr. Volt; when he has been sentenced, get him recommended to mercy, and transported for life, so that he may come back with a ticket-of-leave some day, and be sued in the civil courts under a writ of ejectment for wrongfully holding possession of my body."

"All this is very well, my dear Mark," I said, "if you could only prove your case; but I am very much afraid you have no *locus standi*. The question is, could you, as a bottle, give such evidence on these indictments as would satisfy a jury?"

I heard the bottle murmur some reply, and then I became conscious of nothing but the strange veil-like misty rain, and, looking through this veil where it drew away thin and transparent, I saw my own body asleep on a couch in Mr. Volt's laboratory, with Mark Stedburn beside it, loosening my necktie and shirt-collar and sprinkling water on my face. Then the veil shivered up and was gone, and I was sitting on the sofa with Mark's hand on my pulse.

"You're all right now, old fellow, eh?" he said, kindly.

"Let me go back to London, Mark. I have had such queer ideas since Mr. Volt's funeral, that I don't feel myself."

"Funeral! Why, hero is Mr. Volt. Do you know how long you slept under the 'hatchis'?"

"I woke once, I know, two months ago, and went to London. You haven't given me that stuff again since I came back, have you?" I stammered, in doubt.

"You had one dose precisely ten minutes ago, and it is now nine o'clock to the minute," said Mark, holding up his watch in confirmation. "Singular preparation, is it not?"

"I hope," said Mr. Volt, "you are now thoroughly convinced of the reality of the impressions produced by 'hatchis.' They were sequent and recurrent, I believe, as those to which you restrict the term reality; were they not? And they took place independently of your will, I think?"

"Quite so," I rejoined, "but still they differed from reality in this important particular, that whereas phantasy told me you had committed suicide, I wake up to find you resolutely and persistently alive."

Mr. Volt much wished to argue this point, but Mark insisted that our time was out, and dragged me away from the tower to his house to supper.

"He is one of the cleverest chemists we have in the country," Mark explained, as we walked home.

"But he surely is not sane?"

"He is only mad on one point," returned Mark, "and I humor him in that for the sake of his intelligence in other respects; but rest assured that, although we frequently exchange ideas, in the common acceptance of the phrase, I have no earthly intention of exchanging outward ideas with Mr. Volt, in his sense of the term."

THE ROGERS MURDER.

AS EVERY day brings forth, not new facts, but new surmises, in regard to the mystery of the assassination of the late Mr. Charles M. Rogers, we must leave to the daily journals the task of following the threads of the tangled into which the few facts and many theories connected with the crime have been brought. The history of the case is made up, thus far, of doubts, suspicions, speculations, vague reports, and contradictory statements, leaving the public mind in a feverish condition of suspense and excitement. As the matter has assumed the attributes of a *cause célèbre*, and has attracted popular attention and inspired official action to a remarkable degree, we have illustrated one of the phases of the dark and fearful mystery. The engraving on our front page represents the scene in the Chamber of the Board of Councilmen, at the City Hall of New York, at the commencement of the investigation before Coroner Flynn, on the 27th of January.

To the right, in the embrasure of the window, stand the brothers James and Michael Logan, and James Tallant. The other James Logan in custody is not seen in the picture, as his position was at the extreme left of the hall. The jury occupy the seats at the curved desks, while Coroner Flynn is seated at the lone desk in the centre. The foreground is made up of the motley, eager crowd of spectators.

The Central M. E. Church, Detroit, Mich.

THE Central Methodist Episcopal Church of Detroit, Michigan, is admirably located at a point where several of the principal avenues of the city converge, the building occupying a total area of 190 by 100 feet. The church is in plan a parallelogram, with elongated semi-octangular transept on either side. The front gable is seventy-four feet in height, the chief feature being a stone-tracered window of seven lights, of unusual beauty. The sides present double ranges of tracery windows, with gables fifty-five feet high on the face of each transept. A tower is placed at the angle of the two streets, nineteen feet square, and eighty-five feet high, surmounted by an elegant spire, making the total height one hundred and eighty feet. The church is built of limestone and Ohio sandstone, and will seat 1,150 persons, besides furnishing special accommodations for 350 more. Owing to the peculiar plan of the edifice, four-fifths of the audience are brought within a radius of sixty feet from the speaker. The internal appointments are all exceedingly handsome, butter-nut wood being used throughout.

Rev. Lewis R. Fisk, pastor of the Central M. E. Church, was born in Monroe county, New York, December 24, 1825. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Wesleyan University, and graduated in the summer of 1850, intending to devote himself to the profession of law. Yielding, however, to the solicitations of friends, he accepted the Professorship of Natural Sciences in the Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, at Albion, Michigan. In 1853 he accepted a similar professorship in the Michigan State Normal School. In 1856 Mr. Fisk was appointed to the Professorship of Chemistry in the Michigan State Agricultural College, at Lansing, where he remained a period of seven years, during the latter half of which time he acted as President of the institution. Although Mr. Fisk entered the ministry in 1852, it was not until the autumn of 1863 that he became settled over a congregation, when he was appointed to the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Jackson, Michigan. In 1866 he assumed the duties of his present charge.

SANTA CRUZ, CUBA.

Or our series of Cuban pictures, we present this week a view of the town of Santa Cruz, situated on a little bay or cove on the south coast of the island. This bay forms an excellent harbor for small craft, and the steamers that ply between Babahoyo and Santiago de Cuba touch there regularly, as well as at Santiaguito, Trinidad and Manzanillo.

The population of Santa Cruz is not more than three or four thousand. The country is low, and the coast at this place abounds with islands or keys. The principal exports are sugar, molasses, and rum. There are quite a number of fishermen to be found in these coast towns, where the spirit of insurrection, under the guns of the Spanish fleet, remains as yet inactive. Santa Cruz is about twenty-six leagues east from Trinidad.

Seine Fishing through the Ice on the Hudson River.

WHEN the broad bosom of the Hudson is ice-clad, and navigation enters its condition of hibernation, there are still to be witnessed on the frozen surface of the noble river scenes of animation and toil. A favorite occupation with the dwellers along the banks is to hew the ice so as to form a broad canal across the channel, from one end of which to the other they draw their heavy seines, and often make good hauls of fish from the swift-rolling current beneath. The groups assembled on the slippery crust, to look at or engage in this sport or labor, present an appearance grotesquely picturesque, the women sometimes muffling themselves in the warm overcoats and boots of the sterner sex, and in other respects sensibly accommodating their attire to the exigencies of the occasion.

Consecration of the Rev. Abram N. Littlejohn as Bishop of Long Island—The Ceremony at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, January 27th.

THE REV. ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN WAS consecrated as Bishop of the newly-created Diocese of Long Island, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, on Wednesday morning, January 27th, with all the impressive solemnity belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church. This diocese came into being the 1st day of November last, having been organized by the Triennial Convention, which held its sittings in New York city a few weeks prior to the above date. So large was the congregation that it was impossible for more than one-half to enter the edifice, and for an hour before the time announced for the commencement of the ceremony the streets in the vicinity were densely thronged.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the grand procession, comprising about 150 clergymen, attired in their sacerdotal robes, emerged from the sacristy, and after marching partly around the building, entered it by the main door. As the procession filed into the church, the organ pealed forth a grand accompaniment, and the singing of the processional hymn was joined in by the choir and congregation. The procession was headed by the Right Rev. Alonso Potter, Bishop of New York, who was followed by the Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, Bishop-elect, supported on either side by the Bishop of Western New York and the Bishop of Nebraska. The morning prayer was read by the Rev. Dr. Schenck, of St. Ann's Church. The Venite was then sung, and the first lesson for the day, read by Rev. Dr. Doane, Bishop-elect of Albany, followed. The sermon was preached by Bishop Odeneheimer, of New Jersey; and at its conclusion, the ceremony of presenting the Bishop-elect to the presiding Bishop, and the certificates of his election, was performed by Bishops Conklin and Clarkson.

After prayer, the candidate was attired in his robes, and kneeling down, received the divine blessing of the officiating Bishop. The communion service, in which over 600 of the congregation engaged, and the singing of the recessional hymn, concluded the solemn services.

A Straw Ride in New England.

THE wintry New England scene that the artist has pictured strangely blends the idea of keen enjoyment with that of the season's dreariness and discomfort. Nothing more dismal than the woodland with its leafless trees, whose gaunt branches seem to stiffen in their canopy of ice and snow, that they scarce bend to the northern blast. Nothing more cheerful than the merry party in the sleigh, seeking and finding pleasure in the teeth of the biting gales. These straw-rides are very popular with the New England country people. The great box upon runners is filled with clean straw, and the jolly party tumble in, swains and sweethearts, girls and boys, matrons and bearded men, squatting without ceremony in the sheltering straw that has been liberally heaped into the seafaring vehicle. City belles, gliding in gilded cutters over the white-shrouded roads of Central Park, are not happier than the shouting, singing, laughing country folk that make up a New England straw-ride party.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FEW of our readers, perhaps, are unable to repeat the well-known lines:

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares:
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

What is called the language of flowers is certainly popular in the East as well as in the West, if we understand by it that common consent has made particular flowers and plants the symbols of thoughts, feelings, and sentiments. The principle which led to it has been, or is popularly exemplified in the bush which the wine-dealer exhibited over his door, in the oak-boughs and oak-apples to commemorate the restoration of Charles II., and in the multitudinous evergreens which give beauty and significance to Christmas. The miscellaneous flowers employed as symbols of saints belong to the same class; and so did corresponding emblems adopted on special occasions among the ancient Greeks and Romans. In Egypt, in India, and elsewhere, flowers have always been used as emblems of particular divinities. In Japan, when a youth has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable condition, he declares his passion by affixing a branch of a certain shrub (*the Cestrum alatum*) to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; but if it is accepted, so is the suitor. Allusions to the emblematic significance of flowers are to be found in Shakespeare and others of our old poets. Indeed, wherever we look, at home or abroad, to ancient or to modern times, we find indications of a disposition to affix a significance to flowers. Nor is it to be wondered at, for the poet says:

How oft doth an emblem but silently tell
What language could never speak half so well!

Whether it be the palm or the laurel for victory and triumph, or the rose for true love, or the cypress for sorrow and death, all the world realizes the intention, and understands the language. In modern times, and for the entertainment of the many who delight in signs and symbols, various attempts have been made to systematize, develop, and explain this floral language. In this matter it is not easy to say what authority the symbolic sense is based. Some of the flowers have only become known to us in modern times, and, therefore, the use made of them must also be modern. In other cases, where the plants have always been known, some have borne their significance time out of mind, but others have recently acquired it. We are, of course, duly sensible of the kindness of those who enrich our floral vocabulary, and we are satisfied when they show us a reason for their decisions.

The sentiments expressed by flowers, however, are not always the same in different countries, and, therefore, those who wish to make practical use of these emblems should be careful lest they be misunderstood. Thus the amaranth in England means "immortality," and "unfading" or "unchangeable;" but here it is said to denote "foppery, affectation, and singularity." Then the amaryllis is significant of pride and haughtiness, but here it denotes a splendid beauty. Then the anemone is a token of sickness; but here it is expectation. The sweet basil there expresses hatred; but here it is good wishes. The camellia there testifies to unpretending excellence; but we use it as an expression of pity. The dahlia means "My gratitude exceeds your care," but it is also made to indicate "instability." With some the daisy means "cheerfulness;" with others, "innocence;" the reason for this is found in the fact that the common wild daisy has been adopted for "cheerfulness," and the red daisy, for "innocence."

The moral to be drawn from these differences is, be cautious, when you speak the language of flowers, to speak it with those who understand it in the same sense as yourself. An unsuspecting English youth or maiden might give a sprig of ivy to an American cousin as a token of simple "friendship," and be understood to mean "matrimony," which might be inconvenient.



WINTER SHIUE FISHING ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BROOKER.—SEE PAGE 343.



THE CONSECRATION OF REV. DR. A. N. LITTLEJOHN AS BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND—THE CEREMONY AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROOKLYN, L. L., JAN. 27TH.—SEE PAGE 343.

FEB. 13, 1869.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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A STRAW RIDE IN NEW ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 343.

SAILING OUT.

HAVE you any message, friend,
For your loved ones, gone away,
To the peaceful shores of Heaven
Lying just across the bay?
I am going out at even,
On the waters wild and wide;
Yes, my bark sets sail for Heaven
At the ebbing of the tide.
Am I not afraid, you ask,
Of the waters deep and wide?
No! God keeps a beacon burning,
Over on the other side.
Ah! the night fell ne'er so slowly
On an earthly day before;
Tell me—in the tide-wave breaking
Yet, upon the rocky shore?

Am I glad to go? you say.
Friend, when sorrow filled your breast,
Did your pulses thrill with gladness,
When you thought of coming rest?
I am tired of earthly sorrows,
And I think on Heaven's fair shore
There will be no sad to-morrow,
But one glad day evermore.

Ah! the nightfall gathers round,
Soon will ebb the laggard tide,
And my bark go drifting, drifting,
Over waters reaching wide.
Do not weep that I must leave you;
Heaven is not so very far;
Did the angels of the sunset
Leave the golden gates ajar?

Ebbs the tide. The breezes blow
Seaward, and the sails are set,
And my bark is drifting, drifting,
From the shores of life's regret.
The morn breaks on your vision
I shall cast an anchor down,
In the safe and stormless harbor
Close by the Celestial Town.

and, with the aid of Hans, nothing was easier. The doctor would declare it a sprain, a dislocation, and that would be the end of it.

The bath, which happened to be there by the merest chance, helped Frederick's pains wonderfully, and the baroness allowed her husband to pass into his apartments without conceiving the slightest suspicion of the real cause which recalled him there.

When the doctor arrived, Frederick, to the profound astonishment of Hans, explained to him that he had received a sabre-cut the day before, which had laid the whole of his arm open, that the bandages had become disarranged, on the railway, so that bandage, shirt and coat were glued together with blood, forming, as it were, a single thickness.

The doctor commenced by ripping open the coatsleeve through its entire length with a bistouri; then he detached it from the bandages, and finally he directed Frederick to steep his arm, all clothed as it was, in the warm water of the bath, which permitted him to take off the sleeve first; then, by squeezing water from a sponge all along the wound, he detached the shirtsleeve; finally, making a circular cut at the shoulder, he succeeded in stripping the arm. The arm, compressed by the sleeve, was in a horrible state of swelling and inflammation. The sticking-plaster had parted, and the two lips of the wound had reopened through their entire length, and, at the lower part, the eye could even discover the bone.

It was really providential that there was a bath there to furnish as much warm water as they desired. The two lips of the wound, being still fresh, required nothing more than to be reunited. The doctor brought them together a second time, fastened them to each other, bandaged the arm throughout its entire length, and put splints on it, as for a broken arm. But it was absolutely necessary that the baron should remain quiet for two or three days. The doctor undertook to visit the general commanding the Prussian garrison, and to explain to him, under the seal of secrecy, that the Baron de Below was extremely anxious to see him, but was unable to leave the house.

When Hans had removed all traces of the operation which had been performed, Frederick went down-stairs, kissed the baroness, and reassured her completely by telling her that the doctor had contented himself with prescribing a few days of repose. The phrase, "luxation of the radius," was whispered through the house, and indicated, in a scientific way, what was to be believed in regard to Frederick's indisposition.

On returning to his own room, the baron found the Prussian general waiting for him. Two words of explanation sufficed to make the two officers understand each other; moreover, the journals would be sure to tell the whole story before many days had elapsed. The main point was to prevent the truth from reaching the baroness's ears: a luxation had made her uneasy; a wound would have driven her to despair.

Frederick delivered his dispatches to the Prussian general. Up to that time they only contained orders to hold himself in readiness to start at a moment's notice. It was evident that Monsieur de Boesewerk, from whom the order emanated, wished to retain a garrison there, during the session of the Diet, in order to influence the assembly, if possible; he could withdraw it afterward, or not, according to circumstances.

In fact, this question was about to be addressed to the Confederation: "In case of war between Austria and Prussia, with which of these two powers will you side?"

There was one person in the house whom Frederick had seen, and whom he was in a great hurry to see again. It was his little sister Helene, to whom he had some important matters to communicate. Ever since he and Benedict had sworn eternal friendship on the very battlefield, and especially since Benedict had told him that he had met the baroness at the house of Monsieur Felner, the burgomaster, an idea had occurred to him, which he could not drive from his brain. It was to marry Turpin to his sister-in-law.

From what he had seen of the young man, and from what he had learned of him, he was convinced these two characters, ardent, fantastic, artistic, always ready to set out on a sunbeam or perfumed breeze, to follow the flight of their fancies, were just the two beings in all creation best suited to each other.

Consequently, he desired to know if Helene had noticed him.

If she had noticed him, he would bring Benedict Turpin back to Frankfort under some pretext or other; the acquaintance would then be renewed, and, although Helene might take ever so little pains to make herself adored, this acquaintance might take the proportions that he wished it to take.

Moreover, it was Helene whom he wished to charge with the care of preventing any journal reaching her sister or her mother; and, for that reason, it was absolutely necessary to take Helene into his confidence.

Helene met his wishes half way. Scarcely had the general quitted the room, when some one had tapped lightly at the door. There was a mixture of the cat and the bird in that manner of saying: "It is I."

Frederick recognized the delicate, gentle touch of Helene.

"Come in, my little sister, come in!" cried the major. And Helene entered on tip-toe.

Frederick had thrown himself on his bed, in his dressing-gown. He was lying on his left side, with his wounded arm stretched out along his body.

"There, now, Monsieur the Naughty Boy!" said she, folding her arms and looking at him. "We have been at mischief, have we?"

"How at mischief?" said Frederick, laughing.

"Yes; now that I have got you by yourself, I intend to have it out with you."

"Exactly so; let us have it out, my dear Helene, as you say. You are, without anybody suspecting it, and yourself, least of all, the strong-mind of the house. It is with you, then, that I must discuss matters of importance; and I have many things of importance to tell you."

"And I, too. And I begin by taking the bull by the horns, as the saying is. You have neither bruised nor dislocated your arm at all. You have been fighting a duel, like wrong-heads as you are; and you have been wounded in the arm, either by a sabre-cut or a sword-thrust."

"Well, now, little sister, that is exactly the secret I was going to tell you. I have, in fact, fought a duel, and for a political reason. I received a sabre-cut on the arm, a friendly sabre-cut, very handsome, and very expertly given; but it is not at all dangerous; no artery, no nerve has been touched. The affair will be in the newspapers, for it has already made some noise, and will make more. We must prevent those journals which speak of it from falling under the eyes of grandmother or Emma."

"They only receive one journal here, the *Gazette de la Croix*."

"That is precisely the one which will, in all probability, contain the most complete details."

"You are laughing."

"I can't help laughing, when I think of the face of the man who will write them."

"What are you saying?"

"Nothing. I was talking to myself. And what I was saying to myself is not worth the trouble of being repeated aloud. We must keep a lookout, then, for the *Gazette de la Croix*."

"Very well, we will watch it."

"That is agreed."

"And I have nothing either to fear or to concern myself about?"

"No; since I tell you that I will take care of it."

"Let us speak of something else then, if you will."

"Talk of what you please."

"Let me see. Do you remember having met, at the house of Felner, the burgomaster, a young Frenchman, an artist, a painter?"

"Monsieur Benedict Turpin. I remember him well—a charming man, who makes sketches in a minute, and who, while drawing women handsomer than they really are, yet makes them a like-ness."

"Oh! la! la! What enthusiasm!"

"I will show you a sketch he made of me. He put wings on me, so that I have the air of an angel."

"He has talent, then?"

"Oh, enormous!"

"Wit?"

"Yes; I will answer for that. If you had seen how he quizzed our bankers when they attempted to jest with him! He spoke better German than they did."

"And rich withal?"

"So it is said."

"It seems, moreover, that there are, in his character, incredible affinities with a certain young girl of my acquaintance."

"With whom? I don't see."

"It is, nevertheless, a person whom you know. It appears that he is fantastic, capricious, uncertain, that he is passionately fond of traveling, that he is an excellent horseman, and a famous sportsman, all which seems to me to chime in exactly with the habits of a certain Diana Vernon."

"I thought it was I whom you called Diana Vernon?"

"Yes, it is you. Do you not recognize yourself in my portrait?"

"Good faith, no; not the least in the world. I am gentle, calm, like myself. I love traveling, it is true; but where have I been? To Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and London, that is all. I would like horses, but I have never mounted any except my poor little Gretchen."

"Who came near killing you twice?"

"Poor beast! It was my fault. As for shooting, I have never had a gun in my hand; and as for coursing, I have never started a haro."

"Ah! but who set herself against all that sort of thing? Grandmamma! If they had let you alone—"

"Oh, I confess that it must be a capital thing to ride at a gallop against the wind, and to feel it rippling through one's hair. There is a sort of pleasure in swiftness, and a lively sensation which nothing else can produce."

"So that, in fact, you would like to do everything that you don't do?"

"I confess that."

"With Monsieur Benedict?"

"With Monsieur Benedict? Why with him more than with another?"

"Because he is more lovable than another."

"I don't think so."

"Really?"

"No."

"What! If you were permitted to select a husband from among all the men I know, would you net choose Monsieur Benedict?"

"The idea would never occur to me."

"Come, you know I am a man of positive will, my little sister, liking to exact an account of everything. How does it happen that a young man, handsome, rich, full of talents, courage, and fancy, does not please you, especially when he possesses a part of the good qualities, or defects, which form the basis of your own character?"

"What do you wish me to reply? I don't know. I never analyze my feelings. I feel sympathy with such a one, indifference toward another, and antipathy toward a third."

"I hope that, at least, you don't set Monsieur Benedict in the class of antipathies?"

"No; but in the class of those to whom I am indifferent."

"But, after all, how and why is it that you feel only indifference for him?"

"Monsieur Benedict is of medium height; and

I like tall men; he is fair, and I like dark-skinned men; he is frivolous, and I like serious men. He is rash, always running off to the two extremes of the world; he would be the husband of everybody else's wife, but would not even be the lover of his own."

"But let us sum up; what sort of a person should he be, then, in order to suit you?"

"Just the reverse of what Monsieur Benedict is," said Helene.

"Tall, then?"

"Yes."

"With brown hair?"

"Brown or chestnut."

"Grave?"

"Grave, or at least serious. In fine, brave, sedentary, faithful."

"Well, but do you know that there is, fine for line, my friend, Captain Karl de Freyberg?"

A vivid blush passed over Helene's brow; she made prompt movement to rise and go out.

Wounded as he was, Frederick held her by the hand, and forced her to resume her seat. Then, as the first rays of daylight glided through the curtains of the chamber, and played over Helene's face as a sunbeam plays on a flower, he looked steadily at her.

"Well, then, yes," she said; "but no one but yourself knows it."

"Not even he?"

"He! I doubt if he even suspects it."

"Well, then, my little sister," said Frederick, "I don't see any great harm in all that. Come and kiss me, and we will talk about this a little later."

"But how does it happen," exclaimed Helene, "that you know everything you want to know, without anybody saying anything to you about it?"

"It is because one can see through crystal as long as it remains pure. My dear little Helene, Karl de Freyberg is my friend; he possesses all the good qualities that I could desire in a brother-in-law, and that you could ask for in a husband. If he loves you, as much as you seem to love him, I see no great difficulties in the way of your becoming his wife."

"Ah! my dear Frederick," said Helene, balancing her pretty head from right to left, "I have heard a Frenchwoman say, that it is only those marriages in respect to which there is no difficulty that never take place."

And Helene retired to her chamber, to dream, doubtless, over the difficulties which destiny might interpose to prevent her marriage.

XIV.—COUNT KARL DE FREYBERG.

There was once an Austrian Empire which, under Charles V., reigned for a time over Europe and America, over the East and the West Indies.

It watched the sun rise from the summit of the Dalmatian mountains; it looked down on its setting from the peaks of the Andes, and saw its first rays reappearing in the East, while its fading light still lingered in the West.

This empire was larger than the empire of Alexander, larger than that of Augustus, larger than that of Charlemagne. But this empire has crumbled away under the devouring hands of Time, while France has been the champion who hacked off, piece by piece, the armor of the colossus.

She took from it, for herself, Flanders, the Duchy of Bar, Burgundy, Alsace, and Lorraine.

She took from it, for the grandson of Louis XIV., Spain, the Indies and the Islands.

She took from it, for the son of Philip V., Naples and Sicily.

She took from it the Low Countries, to make of them two separate kingdoms—Belgium and Holland.

Finally, she took from it Lombardy and Venice, that she might give them to Italy.

To-day the boundaries of this empire, on which, three centuries ago, the sun never set, are, on the west, the Tyrol; on the east, Moldavia; on the north, Prussia; and on the south, Turkey.

Everybody knows that there is no Empire of Austria, properly so-called, but only a Duchy of Austria, the capital of which is Vienna, and which has a population of nine or ten millions.

It was a Duke of Austria who took Richard Cour de Lion prisoner, in 1192, while the latter was on his return home from Palestine, and exacted from him a ransom of two hundred and fifty thousand golden crowns.

The entire space which the Empire of Austria, as it is now constituted, occupies on the map, outside of the Duchy of Austria, its kernel, embraces Bohemia, Hungary, Illyria, the Tyrol, Moravia, Silesia, the Croat-Slavic kingdom, the Voivodate of Servia, the Banats of Temes, Transylvania, Galicia, Dalmatia, and Styria. We leave out of the account the four or five millions of Romanians scattered through Hungary and along the banks of the Danube.

Each one of these peoples has its own peculiar character, its peculiar manners, its language, its costumes, its distinctive features. In Styria especially, which is composed of Noricum and ancient Pannonia, the inhabitants have retained their primitive language, costume, and character. Before passing under the dominion of Austria, Styria had its own history, and its own nobility which dates from the time when Styria was raised to the dignity of a marquisate; that is to say, about the year 1000. That was, in fact, the epoch from which dated the patent of Karl de Freyberg, who remained a grand seigneur, in respect to fortune, language and manners, in an age in which grand seigneurs are becoming every day more and more rare.

Karl de Freyberg was a handsome young man, twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, tall

His complexion was tanned, for he had been a hunter from childhood; his teeth were white and pointed, his lip curled disdainfully, his hands and feet were small, and his strength prodigious. He had hunted the bear, the wild goat and the chamois on his native mountains: but no one could say that he had ever struck or slain the first of these animals with any other weapon than the lance or the poniard.

A captain in the Lichtenstein regiment of hussars, he was attended, even when on service, by two Tyrolian chasseurs, wearing their national costume. While one of these executed an order, the other remained near the count, so that he might always have some one with him to whom he could say, "Do this." Although they understood German, he never spoke to them except in their native language. They were peasants of his who, not in any wise understanding the current ideas about serfdom and emancipation, looked upon him as their feudal lord, and never suspected that he did not possess the right of life and death over them.

He had made several attempts to enlighten them in this respect, and had told them that they were free; but they would never consent to believe him, or even to listen to him.

Some three years previous to the date of our story, one of his bodyguards slipped during a chamois hunt; he fell over a precipice, and was picked up at the bottom, in pieces. The count directed his steward to pay over to the widow a pension of twelve hundred francs a year. The widow thanked Count Karl de Freyberg; but she did not in the least understand that he owed her anything because her husband had been killed in his service.

When he hunted—and the writer has had the honor of hunting with him twice—whether in his native country or elsewhere, he always wore the Styrian dress, that is to say, a tall, pointed felt hat, with a band of green velvet, five fingers wide, in which was stuck a heathcock's tail feathers by way of plume; a jacket of coarse gray cloth, with green collar and cuffs, and breeches of the same material, reaching nearly to the knee; sandals and leather gaiters, covering stockings of green woolen, and reaching not quite to the knee, so as to leave the knee-joint free. Among these wild mountaineers, who sometimes travel over a distance of twenty or twenty-five leagues in a single hunt, this part of the body is always left naked, no matter how cold it is. I have known the count lead the hunt for five or six consecutive hours with the thermometer at ten degrees, and neither he nor his attendants seemed to be conscious of this partial nudity.

We have said that these men accompanied the count everywhere, to the chase as elsewhere. They loaded his guns for him. They kept close behind him, and, whenever his gun was empty the count dropped it, and one of these men slipped another into his hand, already loaded and cocked.

While waiting for the beaters to reach their places, which generally occupied about half an hour, these two men would pull out of their game-bags a little Styrian flute, made of reeds, and begin to play—sometimes in unison, and sometimes each taking a separate part—Styrian airs of a sweet and plaintive melancholy. This would last for some minutes; then the count, as if carried away by this irresistible melody, would, in his turn, pull out of his haversack a flute, exactly like those used by his servants, and join in the music. It was he, then, who led, the two others only sustaining him with fanciful accompaniments, which seemed to me to be improvised, so original were they.

These accompaniments gushed from their lips, ran after the theme, and, overtaking it, twined around it like the ivy or the convolvulus; then the theme would reappear in a solo, always charming, always plaintive, and reaching notes so high that it would seem as if silver or crystal only was capable of producing them. Suddenly the report of a gun would be heard, fired by the chief of the beaters to give notice that every one was at his place, and that the hunt was about to begin. Then the three musicians would put their flutes back into their game-bags, resume their guns, and, with eyes and ears on the watch, again become hunters.

It was in this same costume, in which he was strikingly handsome, that Karl came, at eleven o'clock, to rap at the Baron de Below's door, having just heard of his return and of the accident which had happened to him.

It is scarcely necessary to say that his two Styrians accompanied him, and waited for him in the ante-chamber.

Frederick received the count with a face even more smiling than usual, but held out his left hand.

"Ah! it is true, then, what I have just been reading in the *Kreuz Zeitung*?"

"What have you read, my dear Karl?"

"I read that you had been fighting a duel with a Frenchman, and that you had been wounded."

"Hush! Not so loud! I am not wounded for the household; I am only dislocated."

"What does that mean?"

"That means, my dear fellow, that the baroness would not ask to see an arm that is only sprained, while she would insist on seeing one that is wounded. Now, my wound, which would make you envious, I am sure, my dear count, would make the baroness die with fright. Have you seen many wounds thirty-five centimetres long? I can show you one!"

"What! You who are so skillful, and who handle the sabre as if you were the inventor of it?"

"Well, yes; I have found my master."

"A Frenchman?"

"A Frenchman."

"But, instead of setting out to hunt the wild boar in the Tanna, as I intended to do to-morrow morning, I have a great mind to hunt up this Frenchman, and bring you back one of his paws to replace yours."

"Don't attempt anything of the sort, my dear friend, for you might chance to get a good slashing of the same style as my own. Besides, this Frenchman has become my friend, and I wish him to become yours also."

"Never! my friend! a chap who has slit your skin for—how long did you say?—thirty-five centimetres?"

"He could have killed me, but he did not; he could have cleaved me in two, but he contented himself with laying my arm open. We embraced each other on the battlefield. Have you read the other details?"

"What other details?"

"Those relating to his two other duels with Monsieur Georges Kleist and Franz Muller."

"I only glanced over them. You are the only one of the three I am acquainted with, and I was uneasy on your account only. I saw that he had slightly damaged the jaw of a gentleman who writes articles for the *Kreuz Zeitung*, and almost killed with his fists a species of blackguard named Franz Muller. He had chosen samples of weapons, then, that he must needs fight the same day with an officer, a journalist, and a joiner!"

"It was not he who chose us; it was we who were guilty of the folly of choosing him. We sought him out at Hanover, where he was staying very quietly. It seems he must have been annoyed at being disturbed, for he sent me home with my arm in a sling; he sent Monsieur Kleist home with a black eye, and he left Franz Muller on the field, beaten almost to a jelly. That was the shortest process."

"He must be a Hercules, then, this chap!"

"Not by any means, and that is the curious part of it. He is a head shorter than you, my dear fellow, but built, look you, like Alfred de Musset's 'Hassan,' whom his mother made small that she might make him well."

"And you embraced on the ground?"

"Better than that. I have even had an idea, on returning home."

"What is it?"

"He is a Frenchman, you know."

"Of good family?"

"They are all so, my dear fellow, ever since the revolution of '89. He has a great deal of talent."

"As a fencing-master?"

"No, no, not as a painter. Kaulbach called him 'The Hope of Painting.' He is young."

"Young!"

"Faith, about twenty-five or six: not more. He is handsome."

"Handsome, too?"

"Charming. Twelve thousand francs income."

"Pshaw!"

"Everybody has not two hundred thousand francs a year, as you have, my dear friend. Twelve thousand francs a year, and great talent, are equivalent to an income of sixty thousand francs a year."

"But why do you make all these calculations?"

"I had an idea of marrying him to Helene."

The count bounded up in his chair.

"What! marry him to Helene! to your sister-in-law! a Frenchman!"

"But is she not of French origin herself?"

"Mademoiselle Helene loves you too well, I am certain, ever to marry a man who has put you in the condition you are in now. I hope she refused!"

"Yes, she did."

The count breathed again.

"But what the d—l put the idea of marrying him to your sister into your head?"

"She is only my sister-in-law."

"No matter; I repeat that it is a strange idea that you should be willing to marry your sister-in-law in that style, to the first person you chance to meet on the high-read!"

"I assure you that young man is not a chance-comer."

"No matter; she refused, did she not? That is the essential thing."

"I hope to be able to induce her to reconsider her decision."

"But you are infatuated, then!"

"Why, after all, what motive can she have for refusing? I ask you now."

Count Karl blushed up to his eyes.

"Unless she loves some other man."

"Do you consider that hypothesis impossible?"

"No; but if she loves some one, let her say so."

"Listen to me, my dear Frederick. I cannot affirm that she loves any one; but I can affirm that some one loves her."

"Then the work is already half done; and is this some one worth my Frenchman?"

"Ah! my dear Frederick, you are so prepossessed in favor of your Frenchman, that I dare not say yes."

"Tell me at once. You see what might happen if I had my Frenchman here, and if I had passed my word to him."

"Well, after all, I think you will scarcely turn me out of doors for saying so. Now, then, that some one is myself!"

"Always modest, frank and loyal, my dear Karl; but—"

"But I don't admit any buts."

"This but is not a very terrible one, as you will see. But you are too grand a personage, my dear Karl, for my little sister Helene."

"I am the last of my family; no one will remind me of that."

"You are very rich, and Helene's dower is only two hundred thousand francs."

"I do not owe an account of my fortune to any one."

"Therefore, I address these objections to you, yourself."

"Do you consider them very serious?"

"Those of an opposite nature would be still more so, I confess."

"Then, the only question is, to ascertain whether Helene loves me or not."

"That is a matter in respect to which you can be informed at once."

"How?"

"I will send for Helene; the shortest explanations are the best."

"Frederick!" exclaimed the count, turning as pale as he had been red a moment before. Then he added, in a tremulous voice, "Later! in heaven's name! Later!"

"My dear Karl—"

"Frederick!"

"Do you look upon me as your friend?"

"Good heavens!"

"Well, then, do you think I would wish to subject you to trial from which you would come out sad and unhappy?"

"What do you say?"

"I say that I have a conviction."

"Of what?"

"Why, good heavens! that you are loved as much as you yourself love."

"My friend, you will make me mad with joy."

"Well, if you are afraid to talk to Helene on the subject, set out for your hunt in the Tanna, kill lots of wild boars, and, when you come back, the mission will be executed."

"By whom?"

"By me."

"I won't go, Frederick."

"What! You won't go! And your men who are waiting out there with your flutes?"

"Let them wait." And the count threw himself on his knees before the baron's bed, and clasped his hands together.

"What the d—l are you doing there?"

"You see that I am thanking you; I could weep for joy."

Frederick looked at the count with the smile of a happy man who sees his friend within reach of happiness in his turn.

At this moment the door opened, and Helene appeared on the threshold.

"Helene!" cried Karl.

"What in the world are you doing there on your knees before my brother's bed?" asked the young girl from the threshold at which she had stopped.

"He is waiting for you," replied Frederick.

"For me?"

"Come here."

"I don't understand you at all."

"Come, nevertheless."

Karl raised himself on one knee, and holding out his hand to Helene, "Oh! mademoiselle!" he said; "do what your brother asks, I beg you."

Helene, trembling all over, obeyed. "Well," she said, "here I am on my knees; what next?"

"Give your hand to Karl for a moment; he will give it back to you."

The young girl held out her hand to Karl, hesitatingly. Karl took it and pressed it to his heart. Helene uttered a cry. Karl, timid as a child, dropped the hand.

"Oh!" said Helene, "you did not hurt me."

Karl promptly resumed possession of the abandoned hand.

"My brother," said Frederick, "did you not tell me you had a secret to confide privately to Helene?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Karl.

"Well, then, go on; I am not listening."

Karl bent over to Helene's ear, and the sweet phrase, "I love you," escaped from his lips and glided through the air, murmuring like those night butterflies, which, as they fly by on a spring evening, whisper in your ear the eternal secret of nature.

"Oh! Frederick, Frederick!" said Helene, hiding her face in the bedclothes, "I was not mistaken."

Then, as Karl was waiting impatiently for her to raise her head that he might kiss her, Frederick asked, "What are you doing?"

"I am praying," she replied. And raising her head, and opening her beautiful eyes, she added, "And I, too, love you."

"Frederick! Frederick!" cried Karl, rising, and straining Helene to his heart, "when can I die for you?"

OUR LONDON LETTER.

NEW YEAR is not so important an institution here as Christmas, when beef, turkeys, plum-puddings, and mince pies lead the table, and most united families meet to pass the day under some hospitable roof. The metropolis, however, is much as usual, and to the outward eye presents no particular appearance. The year starts with some improvements on the metropolitan lines of railways, "loops" having been made to connect certain lines which almost touched each other, and one or two branches entirely out; but the metropolitan network is very incomplete, chiefly owing to the shopkeepers who dislike the digging up of streets, impeding alike traffic and passenger. One Engineer Hawkhurst has offered to dig only at night, and lay down the ground again at cock-crow, but even that scheme does not find favor, and a line which was to have united the northern suburbs with Charing Cross, and to have passed right under Tottenham Court Road, was overthrown by the resistance of the shopkeepers of the district a year or two ago. But the metropolitan lines still "move on," although under adverse circumstances, and these underground tunnels are so badly ventilated that the lines do not attract all the traffic they should. Next to rails, the police are attracting public attention; the force is not considered so effective as it should be, and is too much drilled. The Vestry of St. James has spoken out on the subject, and blames the drill and broad-sword exercise as taking up too much of the time of the force. One of the complaints is, that at a particular hour too few



THE PROMENADE CONCERT OF THE ALBANY ZOUAVE CADETS, AT TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY, N. Y., JAN. 20TH.

Promenade Concert of the Albany Zouave Cadets, Tweddle Hall, Albany, New York, January 20th.

The Promenade Concert of the Albany Zouave Cadets, held at Tweddle Hall, Albany, New York, on Wednesday evening, January 20th, was one of the most brilliant entertainments ever given at our State capital. Indeed, the very name of the organization was sufficient in itself to guarantee a most enjoyable affair.

At seven o'clock a vast throng began to pour into the spacious galleries, filling them in a few moments to repletion with the *elite* of the city. The decorations of the hall had been carefully studied, and were most complete in their details.

The stage was canopied with flags, and on the upper portion of the proscenium were the words, "Albany Zouave Cadets," in an arch, formed from brilliant tiny reflectors; and below it were the years "1860—1869," a harp and star made of the same material. On the front of the stage were two parlor fountains, goldfish, and flowers, and in front of it were terraces of luxuriant plants, exquisite flowers in unique vases, photographs of the members of the company, and of the Rochester Blues, between whom and the Zouaves very friendly feelings have long existed. Toward the front of the hall were the two famous pieces of statuary by Palmer, the "White Captive," and the "Indian Girl," which were displayed in fine relief against a dark background. In the centre of the room, a large fountain threw up hundreds of jets of water, which flashed for a moment in

the light and then fell with delicate cadences. Two cologne fountains, canopied with red, white and blue, the columns being twined with evergreen, threw out their perfumes on the air.

Between the windows, under the gallery, were shields of red, white, and blue, with the accoutrements affixed, and mirrors, arranged in alternate order; and the façade of the gallery displayed the names of the members of the company who died in the service of their country, followed by the name of the action.

Suspended from the gallery were a score of cages containing canaries, that vied with one another in filling the hall with their music; and festoons of evergreens and streamers converged to the centre of the ceiling.

The promenading began at the sound of music furnished by Thomas's popular orchestra. The details of the grand musical entertainment were faultlessly conducted, and the Zouaves can have nothing to regret. Everything was chastely beautiful, and suggestive of elegance and refinement.

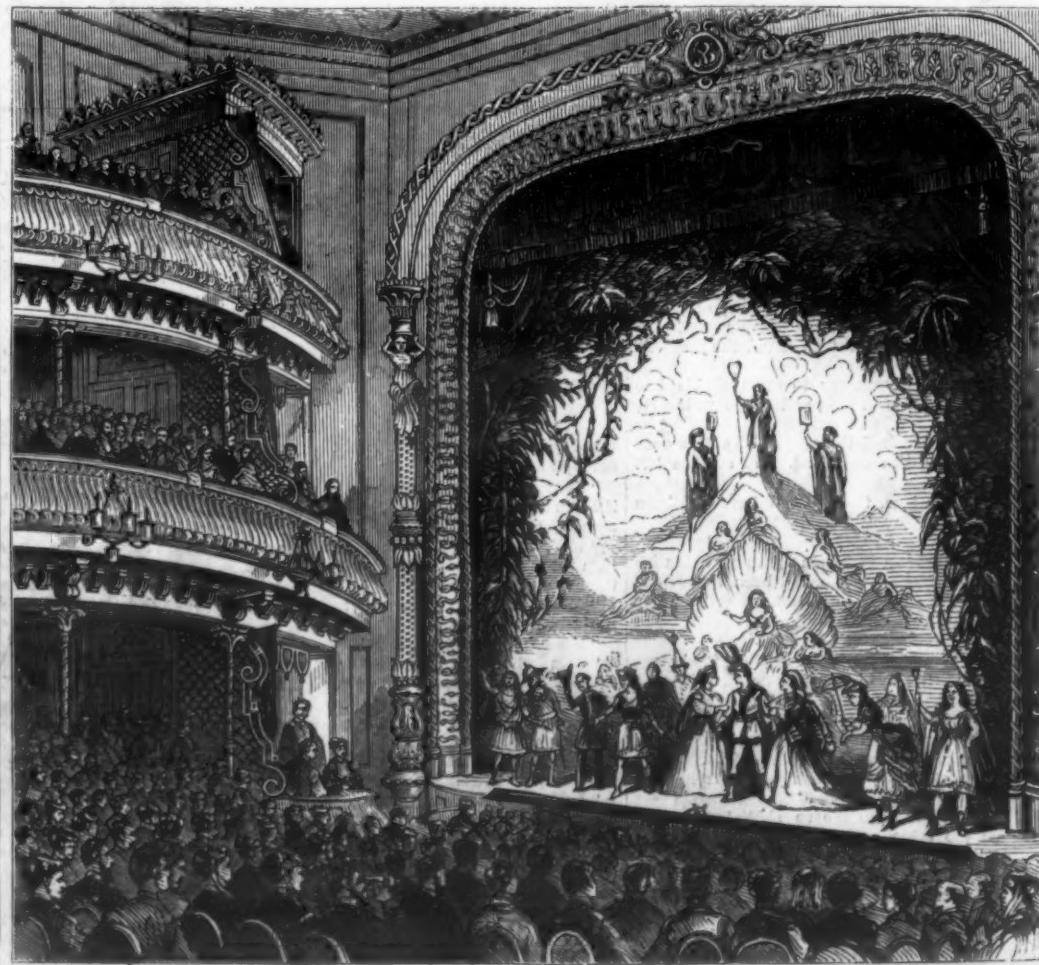
Brougham's Theatre, New York City.

Our dramatic critic has already alluded to the opening of the new theatre of that popular actor and amiable gentleman, Mr. John Brougham. Therefore we shall not enter into the details of that interesting occasion.

Our illustration represents the grand transformation scene that concludes the "Dramatic Review for 1868."



BROUGHAM'S THEATRE, 24TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



INTERIOR OF BROUGHAM'S THEATRE—THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE, OPENING NIGHT, JAN. 25TH.



ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. Brougham's exquisite little temple of Thalia exhibits, in its interior arrangements, the good taste and artistic conception of the talented histrion, humorist, and author whose name it bears. It unites those elements of elegance, convenience, and comfort, that a metropolitan audience can so well appreciate and enjoy. It will seat only nine hundred people, but those nine hundred are, with reference to their physical as well as their intellectual entertainment, amply provided for, and every one of them commands a full view of the stage. A splendid effect is produced by twelve large mirrors that extend along the walls, reflecting the dazzling light and decorations of the auditorium, the rich toiletts of the ladies, and the cheerful faces of the audience. The candelabra represent wax candles, giving a boudoir-like appearance that is very pleasing.

The decorations are of a light and graceful character, the prevailing color being a faint rose tint, relieved with gold. The fresco-work and gilding, which is of superior quality, is by Mr. F. Donarung, who has succeeded admirably in producing the desired effect of richness, lightness and appropriate contrasts and combinations. The architects, Messrs. D. & J. Jardine, have exhibited a masterly skill, in the combination of strength with elegance, that marks the result of their labors. A charming drop-curtain, by Russell Smith, representing a view on the Hudson River greatly enhances the attractiveness of the interior.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The remarkable interest which Mr. Browning's new poem of the "Ring and the Book" has excited in literary circles has induced us to engrave the

last photograph of that distinguished author, and which is the first ever published of him in America.

Browning, the most learned, dramatic, and original of modern poets, was born in 1812, at Camberwell, a small village about four miles to the south of London, and received his earliest education in a school in his native village which was called Goldsmith Academy, in consequence of the tradition that the author of the "Deserter Village" had formerly been an usher there. His progress was very rapid, and when he was only eight years of age, he had translated many of the favorite odes of Horace, and some of the elegies of Propertius. It is a curious fact, that even then he had formed that peculiar style which has since stood so materially in the way of his popularity.

In his thirteenth year he was entered at London University, and is, perhaps, the only man of any positive reputation that institution has produced. In his twentieth year he went to Italy, where he remained for three years, exploring all the literary treasures of the monasteries. The influence of these has been visible throughout his whole poetical career. On his return to London, he published his first poem, called "Parine," but immediately suppressed it, as he thought it revealed too much of his personal feelings. In 1836 appeared "Paracelsus," a poem of great power and beauty. The following year was performed his tragedy of "Stratford," which, despite the fine acting of Macready, was not a success. His next venture was in 1843, when his "Blot on the Scutcheon" was acted; this, although more successful, did not touch the popular heart. The critics admired its fine plot, artistic treatment, and beautiful language, but it was too far advanced for the million.

His works are very numerous, the principal being "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy," "Sordello," "Return of the Druses," "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances," "Men and Women," etc. His last and greatest work is a poem of twenty thousand lines, to which he has devoted the last eighteen years.



MOST REV. ARCHIBALD C. TAIT, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

of his life, entitled "The Ring and the Book." It is founded on a celebrated murder trial in Rome in 1698, and the evidence is looked at in ten different lights. Only one-half is published, but his admirers claim for it the distinction of being his magnum opus. It has just been published by Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, the great poetical publishers of America, and is the chief literary sensation of the year.

In 1846 Mr. Browning married the famous poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, who died in 1861, leaving him one son, now in his eighteenth year.

In his youth Browning was very thin, with black hair and eyes, and a slightly Jewish physiognomy. He is about the medium size. Mr. Oxenford informed us last year that he is now a fine portly gentleman. He is a most accomplished musician, and sings and plays with great skill and effect. He is undoubtedly the most eruditè of all modern poets; indeed, we do not think that even Milton can compare with him in point of scholarship.

Most Rev. Archibald C. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE MOST REVEREND ARCHIBALD C. TAIT, recently elected Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 22, 1811. He was educated first at the High School and at the Academy in his native city, afterward at the University of Glasgow, and finally at Balliol College, Oxford, which he entered in 1830. He became successively a scholar, a fellow, and a tutor of Balliol College, having taken his degree with first-class honors, and he also became, at a later period, a public examiner of the University. Upon the death of the Rev. Dr. Arnold, in 1842, he was selected for the important office of Head Master of

GEORGE H. ELLIS, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.
SEE PAGE 339.

GEORGE H. ELLIS'S NEW PIANO ESTABLISHMENT, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 339.

Rugby School, and continued in the administration of his duties during a period of eight years, when, having by his very zealous labor greatly impaired his health, he accepted the Deanship of Carlisle, offered him by Lord John Russell. In 1856 he was promoted to the Episcopal Bench, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Bishop Bloomfield, and brought to the diocese, with its large city population, the same ardent zeal for missionary work among the poorest and most ignorant classes that he had shown at Carlisle.

The Bishop, who was also Dean of the Chapel Royal, a Governor of the Charterhouse, and President of the Council of King's College, London, has performed his manifold official duties, as well as those of a Peer in Parliament, with characteristic fidelity and zeal.

COMMERCIAL AGENCIES.

The past quarter century has witnessed the rapid development in this city of the system of Commercial Agencies, one of great importance to the commercial and banking interest of the whole country. Commenced upon a very modest scale, the Commercial Agency has for years been steadily increasing in patronage, and, as the very nature of the business demands absolute confidence on the part of the mercantile communities that seek information from that source, the inference is irresistible that the business has been well conducted, and that the information given is reliable.

We have heard objections made to the business as a secret system. There does not appear to be much secrecy in publishing such a work as the *Commercial Agency Register*. But the principle is correct, and whatever faults of detail there may be must be charged to the managers. The merchant who asks for credit and deserves it must invite and desire an investigation of his worthiness; and, while the Agency through which this is accomplished bears true witness, the result cannot be otherwise than beneficial—"it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

We neglected in our last number to acknowledge our indebtedness to Sibley Bros., photographers, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for photographs from which were taken our drawings of the iceboats in the recent regatta on the Hudson.

A NEGRO was recently found seated on a curbstone, his teeth chattering like a reaper under full headway. He was eating a watermelon, and some one told him that eating it would give him the chills. He looked up, with his mouth half full and a slice in each hand, and shivered out:

"Dis is de way I tuck the chillis, eatin dese things. I got de chill on me now, boss; and I likes watermelons better'n I doz de chillis, kase dar ain't no danger ob it makin' me shake wos'n Idux—I'll eat din'n of I disse 'fore I get to de rines."

A WOMAN being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would keep coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "boiling water, and it didn't do a bit of good."

An individual made money at a country fair, by letting people raise him by the ears at twenty-five cents premium for success and ten cents fine for failure.

A MAIDEN lady, while in company the other evening, alluding to her youthful smartness, said at six months old she went alone. A malicious wag present remarked:

"Yes, and you have been going alone ever since."

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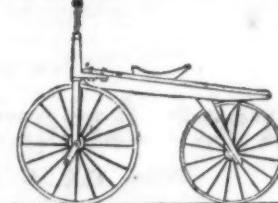
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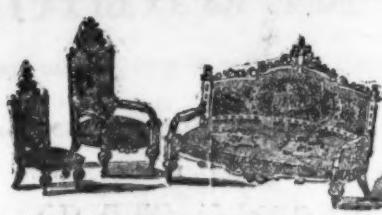
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